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FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

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The Slave of the Mine; Or, Jack Harkaway in 'Frisco.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

CHAPTER I.

THE GAMBLING-HOUSE.

"I RATHER like this game!"

"Well, I should smile if you didn't. Luck's dead set in for you now, you can bet.

"Perhaps," said the first speaker; "but I don't propose to follow it up."

"What?"

The second speaker sprang from his chair in amazement.

"No. I flatter myself I know when to stop. I have played at Baden and Monaco, in the clubs of London and the hells of Paris, as well as the gambling saloons of the West, and I'm not to be picked up for a flat."

"That's sure; but look at here; as sure as my name is Dan Markham, and I'm known as a professh at gambling from here to Cheyenne and Virginia City, and lettin' alone Omaha, you're wrong."

"Why?"

"When you've got a run of luck, play it for all it is worth."

"You think so?"

"My friend, fortune is within your grasp. Play on the ace and copper the jack, I tell you," replied Dan Markham.

"Thank you. I don't want any one to dictate to me."

With this quiet answer the first speaker piled up his checks and received an equally large pile of gold twenty-dollar pieces, which he placed in an inside pocket of his coat. Then he laughed harshly.

"I don't know why I do this sort of thing," he remarked. "It isn't because I want the money."

"I'll tell you," replied the gambler.

The lucky player rose from his seat and the game went on, there being a dozen or more men present who were intent upon it.

The game was faro.

Slowly and solemnly the dealer took the cards out of the box, and with equal solemnity the players moved their checks as their fancy dictated.

The first speaker was a man of a decided English cast of countenance, and the profusion of side whiskers which he wore strengthened his Britannic look.

He was well dressed, handsome, though somewhat haggard, as if he suffered from want of sleep, or had some canker ing care gnawing at his heart.

A gold ring, set with turquoise and diamonds, sparkled on his finger, and his watch chain was heavy and massive. The gambler was probably forty years of age, which was ten or twelve more than his companion, and his face bore traces of drink and dissipation; but there was a shrewd, good-natured twinkle in his eye which showed that he was not a bad-natured man in the main. In reality, Dan Markham was known all over the Pacific Slope as a good fellow.

Retiring to the lower end of the room, the first speaker accepted a glass of wine which was handed him by a negro waiter who attended on the supper-table.

"You were saying, Mr.—er—Mr.——" he began.

"Markham," replied that individual.

"Ah, yes! Thank you! Well, you were observing——"

"Just this: I know why a man plays, even though he's well fixed and has got heaps of chug."

"Do you?"

"Yes, Mr.—er—Mr." continued Markham, imitating his companion's tone in rather a mocking manner.

"Smith. Call me Smith."

"All right, Smith; you play because you want the excitement. That's the secret of it. You've got no home."

"That's true."

"No wife?"

"No."

"Exactly. If a man's got a home, and the comforts, and the young ones, and in fact all that the word implies, he don't want to go to a gambling-saloon. No, sir. It's fellows like you and me that buck the tiger."

The person who had designated himself as Mr. Smith smiled.

"You are an observer of human nature?" he said.

"Well, I guess so. Pete!"

"Yes, sah!" replied the negro.

"Give me some of that wine. Darn your black skin, what do I keep you for?"

"You don't keep me, sah!" replied the negro.

"Don't I, by gosh! It's me, and fellows like me, that keep this saloon a-going, and that keeps you."

Pete made no reply, but opened a new bottle and handed the gambler a glass of the sparkling wine.

"Going to play some more, stranger?" asked Dan.

"I may and I may not. As I feel at present I shall look on," replied Mr. Smith.

"How long have you been in this country?" continued Dan.

"All my life."

"By?"

"I was born here."

"Whereabouts?"

"In Maine."

"Oh, come now; you can't play that on me. You're a Britisher."

Mr. Smith colored a little and looked rather vexed.

"Doesn't it strike you, my friend," he said, "that you are a trifle inquisitive?"

"It's my way."

"Then all I have to

"THE BULLET STRUCK NAPPA BILL ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE WRIST, AND, WITH A FEARFUL OATH, HE ALLOWED HIS KNIFE TO DROP ON THE FLOOR."

say is that it is a mighty unpleasant way, and I don't like it for a cent."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Then you can lump it," replied Dan Markham, lighting a cigar and staring him in the face.

Mr. Smith evidently did not want to have a quarrel, for he walked away and strolled through the rooms, of which there were four.

These rooms were elegantly furnished, provided with settees and easy-chairs. On the tables were all the best periodicals and magazines, so that frequenters of the gambling-house could while away their time without actually playing.

But the tables possessed a fascination which Smith, as he called himself, could not resist.

He strolled back to the faro game and watched the play, which kept on incessantly.

When one player fell out, another took his place, and so it went on all night long, till the garish streaks of the gray dawn stole in through the shades of the windows, and the men who turned night into day thought it prudent to go home.

A young and handsome man attracted Mr. Smith's attention. He was well dressed, and had an air of refinement about him. His eyes were bloodshot and his face haggard. His hands clutched the chips nervously, and he was restless, feverish and excited.

He pushed the clustering chestnut locks from his fair brow, and watched the cards as they came out with an eagerness that showed he took more than an ordinary interest in the game.

His luck was villainous.

He lost almost every time, and when he tried to make a "pot" to recoup himself, it was all the same—the wrong card came out.

At length he put his hand in his pocket and found no more money there.

With a sigh he rose from the table, and with bowed head and bent back, his eyes lowered and his face wearing an expression which was the embodiment of despair, he walked away.

Mr. Smith followed him.

This was a type of character and a situation he evidently liked to study.

"Ruined! Ruined!" he muttered.

At this juncture he encountered Dan Markham, who had been paying his respects to some boned turkey, and making a very respectable supper.

The professional gambler can always eat and drink, the fluctuations of the game having very little effect on his appetite.

"Hello! Baby," he exclaimed; "you here again to-night?"

"As you see," replied the young man, whose feminine cast of countenance justified the epithet of "Baby" which the gambler had bestowed upon him.

"I thought I told you to keep out of here."

"I know it."

"Then why didn't you follow my orders?"

"Because I couldn't. It was here that I took the first downward step, and to-night I have taken the last."

The gambler regarded him curiously.

"Clarence Holt," he said, "have you been drinking?"

"Not a drop; but it is time I did. My lips are parched and dry. I am on fire, brain and body. Is this a foretaste of the hereafter in store for me?"

"Weak-minded fool!" cried Dan.

"Yes, I was weak-minded to trust you. I was a fool to listen to your rose-colored stories about fortune made at a faro bank."

"Come, come! no kicking."

During this conversation Mr. Smith was leaning against the wall, half concealed in the shadow, and smoking a cigar, while he was ostensibly engaged in jotting down some memoranda with a pencil on a scrap of paper, yet not a word was lost upon him.

"You can bully me as much as you please, Dan Markham!" exclaimed Clarence Holt. "But I warn you that I am getting tired of it."

"Tired, eh?"

"Yes, sir; there is a limit to human endurance."

"Is there? Since when did you find that out?" sneered Dan.

"To-night. I have lost a whole month's salary."

"What of that? I'll lend you money."

"Yes, on the terms you did before," replied Clarence Holt, bitterly. "You have made me forge the name of the manager of the bank in which I am employed to the extent of three thousand dollars."

"That isn't much."

"I can never pay it."

Dan Markham lowered his voice almost to a whisper.

"Yes, you can," he said.

"How?"

"Steal it. You have every opportunity."

"And become a thief?"

"Yes."

"Never!"

"Why not? Are you not already a forger? I hold three notes of Mr. Simpson, the manager of the Bank of California, which he never signed, though you did it for him; and if those notes are presented for payment you will go right up to the State Prison at Stockton quicker than railroading."

Clarence Holt groaned deeply.

He was, indeed, in the power of this man, and, struggle as he could, he was unable to extricate himself.

Mr. Smith gathered from this conversation that Dan Markham had got the young man in his power with some object in view.

Clarence Holt was a clerk in the Bank of California, and had forged the name of Mr. Simpson, the manager, to the extent of three thousand dollars, Markham holding the forged notes.

That evening Clarence had risked his whole month's salary at faro, and lost.

Hence his despair and agitation were fully accounted for.

"What do you want of me?" asked Clarence.

"My money."

"What will you take for the notes?"

"Double their face-value, and then I'll hand them over to anybody.

Mr. Smith stepped forward and bowed politely.

"Pardon me," said he. "Did I understand you to say that you are anxious to sell some notes?"

"Oh! it's you, Mr. Smith," replied Markham. "If you've got six thousand dollars to throw away on security which is only worth three, we can deal. I want to go to Sacramento to-morrow, and I'll sell out."

"I have overheard the entire conversation," said Mr. Smith, "and I sincerely commiserate this young man, who has fallen into the hands of a sharper!"

"Throwing bricks, eh?"

"Never you mind my friend. Hand over the notes and I will give you the money."

Markham produced a wallet which was filled with papers and bills, among which he searched until he found the documents of which he was in want.

"Here you are," he exclaimed. "I'd like to find a fool like you every day in the week."

"Worth it?"

"It I did, I'd die rich."

Laughing heartily at his own joke, Markham handed over the notes and received the six thousand dollars in exchange.

"Thank you," he added, and extending his hand to Clarence Holt, he said: "Good-by. Take my advice. It's straight. Never bet on a card again."

Nodding carelessly to Mr. Smith, he knocked the ash off his cigar and left the room.

When he was gone, Clarence Holt grasped Mr. Smith's hand.

"How can I thank you?" he exclaimed.

"My dear fellow," replied Mr. Smith, "you have nothing to thank me for."

"Nothing?"

"No, indeed."

"But you have saved me," said Clarence. "You are a whole-souled, generous-hearted man. Give me the forged notes, that I may tear them up, begin again, and, leading a new life, bless you for ever."

A cynical smile curled the lip of Mr. Smith.

"Not so fast, my young friend," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that I am not your friend, and that I have not done anything of a particularly generous nature."

"How?"

Clarence Holt's countenance fell again as he ejaculated this monosyllable.

"You have only exchanged one master for another," replied Mr. Smith.

"Really, sir," said Clarence, "I am bt a loss to understand you. I took you for a gentleman who, having by accident overheard a conversation which was not intended for his ears, endeavored to atone for his conduct by doing what lay in his power to help——"

"Don't catechise me, if you please," interrupted Mr. Smith.

"I have no wish to be offensive."

"If you had I would not allow you to gratify your inclination. Mr. Markham has handed you over to me, and I have bought you."

"Bought me?"

"Why, certainly."

"May I ask your reason for acting in such an eccentric manner?"

"Yes; I like to buy men. It is a fancy of mine. I find them useful occasionally."

Clarence Holt bit his lip.

"Where do you live?"

A card containing an address in Mission Street was handed to him, and, glancing carelessly at it, he put it in his pocket.

"When I want you," he said, "I shall know where to find you."

A rebellious fire burnt in Clarence's eye.

"Suppose I refuse to do your bidding?" he asked.

"Oh! well, in that case I should go to the bank and show the authorities the notes I have bought. I presume they would see that you were punished, and taken care of for a year or two."

Clarence pressed his hands together violently.

"Oh! have I come to this?" he cried. "Would to God I had taken my dear wife's advice and never gambled!"

Mr. Smith looked at him.

"Married, eh?" he remarked.

"Yes, sir."

"Fond of your wife?"

"The most divine creature you ever saw. I suppose I am a partial judge, and that my opinion is not to be relied on; but I assure you, sir, that no artist or poet ever conceived so lovely a specimen of womanhood as my darling Elise."

"Humph! How long have you been married?"

"Three years."

"And in love still?"

"Yes, indeed; more than ever."

"Odd way of showing your love, coming to a gambling-house. Any children?"

"One little girl. But allow me to explain. I came here with my month's salary to try and make money enough to pay off Markham, who has been my ruin. Now I have not a dollar to go home with, and how we are to live I do not know."

Mr. Smith took a dozen twenty-dollar gold pieces out of his purse.

"Take these," he said.

"You will lend them to me?" cried Clarence, delightedly.

"Lend them to you. What is the use of lending money to a pauper? I give this to you just as I would give an alms to a beggar."

"Your words are very bitter," said the young man, as he shivered visibly.

"There is no necessity for me to be silver-tongued with you," was the reply. "Go home to your wife. I will call and see you soon."

Mr. Smith threw himself into a chair, and appeared to take no further notice of Clarence, but he was seated in a manner which permitted him to have a good view of the gambling-table.

At first Clarence Holt hurried toward the door, as if full of virtuous resolution to return home.

Then he paused, and turned off toward the luncheon-table, where he eat a little salad and drank some wine.

The gold pieces were burning a hole in his pocket. They were amply sufficient to live upon for a month; but if he could only double them!

Surely his bad luck could not stick to him all the evening.

He would try again.

"What time is it?"—he looked up at the clock—"only eleven!" Elise, his little wife, has got the baby to sleep by this time and is probably reading, while eagerly expecting his return home. Another hour will make no great difference.

He goes to the table and buys some checks, with which he begins to speculate.

Mr. Smith laughs with the air of Mephisto, and says to himself:

"Time's up. Score one to me again for having some knowledge of character. He is a weak man and easily led. So much the better for me."

Presently a lady, thickly veiled, entered the saloon and looked timidly around her.

Evidently she was searching for some one.

Seldom, indeed, was a lady seen in the saloon, for it is not the custom for the fair sex to gamble in America, whatever they may do in Europe.

The negro in charge of the faro-table advanced toward her.

"What you want heah, ma'am?" he asked.

"I am looking for a gentleman," she replied, in a nervous tone.

"Plenty ob gen'lemen come and go all night. It's as hard as de debbil to find any one in dese ar rooms."

"He is my husband. Perhaps you know him. His name is Clarence Holt," continued the lady.

"Oh! yes, for sush. I know him."

"Then I implore you to tell me if he is here. Where is the room to which they play?"

"No place for ladies, dat; 'fashies, Marse Holt him been gone an hour or more with Marse Markham."

"Is he with that bad man? Ah, me! what future have I and my child now?"

She pressed her hands to her face and sobbed, while the negro held the door open.

Suddenly there was a loud cry from the inner room, in which the game was progressing.

"By heaven, I win! Give it me. It is all mine. All—all!" shouted a man.

Mrs. Holt uttered a scream.

"'Tis he!" she cried. "Wretch, you have deceived me. Stand on one side. I heard my husband's voice, and I will see him."

She pushed past the negro, who would fain have stopped her had he been able to do so, but her movements were too quick for him to intercept her.

"This is becoming decidedly interesting," observed Mr. Smith; "Elise has come after Clarence. By Jove!" he added, as she raised her veil, "she justifies his description of her. A prettier creature I never saw!"

The luck had changed, and Clarence had been fortunate enough to win largely, as a pile of gold by his side fully testified.

The young wife tapped him on the shoulder.

"Clarence," she whispered.

"You here?" he cried, while a flush of annoyance crossed his face.

"Oh, yes; forgive me. Come home, will you not?"

"How dare you follow me here?"

"I was so lonely. I found a note from Markham appointing a meeting here, and I knew you had your salary with you. We have no food in the house, and——"

"Confound you!" he interrupted, almost fiercely. "Do you want every man here to know our private affairs?"

"Madame," she exclaimed, "permit me to have the honor of escorting you to your carriage."

Elise Holt looked up in surprise.

"I have no carriage, sir," she answered.

"Then I will get you one."

"But I have no money to pay for one."

"My purse is at your service."

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, blushing, "it would not be right for me to accept a favor from a perfect stranger."

"Pardon me, I am a friend of your husband."

"Is that so? Well, if you know Clarence, will you not persuade him to come home?"

She looked pleadingly at Mr. Smith.

"I will do more than that," he rejoined.

"How?"

"I will see to it that he does come to you in half an hour. Come, take my arm."

Elise did not hesitate any longer, but timidly placed her little delicately-gloved hand on the arm of the handsome stranger, who was so kind and generous.

"Ah!" she thought, "if I had married him instead of Clarence!"

They descended the stairs together, and her tears ceased to flow.

CHAPTER II.

A SURPRISE.

IN the street they saw a carriage, which Mr. Smith hailed, and when it drove up he placed Mrs. Holt inside.

"Drive this lady to No. 113 Mission Street," he exclaimed.

Elise opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"You know where we live?" she ejaculated.

"Certainly I do. Good-evening. Clarence shall be home in half an hour."

He handed the driver two dollars, and Elise was taken to her apartments in a luxurious style which was entirely new to her.

Mr. Smith returned to the gambling-saloon, much impressed with the modesty and beauty of Elise.

"Decidedly, she is too good for Clarence," he muttered.

Once again in the gilded saloon of vice he looked in vain for Clarence among the players.

"Where is the young man who was winning?" he asked of the dealer.

"He has dropped out," was the answer.

"A loser?"

"Yes. He staked his pile on one card, and somehow it didn't come up as he expected."

"Fool!" remarked Mr. Smith.

He walked through the suite of handsomely-furnished rooms to see where Clarence was, because he could not have left the place, or he would have been met on the stairs.

In an inner apartment he saw a sight which startled, though it did not surprise him.

Mr. Smith was a man of the world, whom it was difficult to surprise, as it was part of his education and temperament not to exhibit emotion at anything.

Kneeling before a large mirror, his face pale and haggard beyond expression, was Clarence Holt.

In his right hand he held a pistol, and in his left a photograph of Elise, which he was kissing passionately.

It was a sad picture, and showed to what desperate straits drink and gambling can reduce their votaries.

Suddenly he dropped the picture and placed the muzzle of the pistol to his temple.

"God forgive me," he prayed, "and help the widow and the orphan. Elise, my darling, my life, my all, farewell."

Mr. Smith rushed forward and knocked up his arm, so that at the most critical moment in the young man's career the weapon went off without injuring him, and the ball lodged in the ceiling.

It was a narrow escape.

"Idiot," cried Smith, "what are you thinking of?"

Clarence Holt looked repentant and abashed.

"I have spent your money," he replied. "I repulsed my wife. I am a wretch, unworthy to live."

"Get up and go home."

"Alas! I have no home now. My money is gone and——"

Mr. Smith interrupted him by allowing to flutter down at his side a one hundred-dollar bill, giving it him as carelessly as one casts a bone to a dog.

"For me!" asked Clarence, eagerly snatching it.

"No, for Elise and your child," was the reply.

"Give it to her. A fellow like you deserves nothing but a good thrashing."

"That's what I say," answered Clarence, the old, despairing look coming over him again. "Let me die."

Mr. Smith looked disgusted.

"If you don't leave off whining," he exclaimed, "I shall be strongly tempted to kick you!"

Clarence did not move; he picked up his hat and left the pistol where it had fallen.

"Be a man," continued Mr. Smith. "Don't be afraid of the world and the world won't hurt you."

Humiliated, and with his head in a whirl, Clarence quitted the room, and Mr. Smith re-entered the gambling-saloon, in which was a noisy party of miners, who, having come into town with plenty of money, could not resist the fascinations of faro.

All at once Mr. Smith was confronted by a man, who exclaimed:

"So we have met sooner than I expected!"

"Harkaway," repeated the person who called himself Smith.

"At your service, my lord," was the reply.

Jack had met Lord Maltravers.

This gentleman was an English nobleman of high rank and great wealth.

They had met in New York, and both had fallen in love with a young lady named Lena Vanhoosen.

Lena's brother Alfred wished her to marry Jack, but her mother, Mrs. Vanhoosen, wished her to espouse the rich nobleman.

Jack and Lord Maltravers had quarreled about Lena.

The quarrel took place in a well-known up-town resort, and Maltravers had fired a pistol at Jack.

The shot missed its mark, but the cowardly nobleman had to fly to avoid arrest.

He retreated to San Francisco, and Jack, learning where he had gone, followed him.

They met in the gambling-saloon.

His lordship was perfectly collected after the first shock of surprise had passed away, and he did not attempt to escape.

"So you have followed me?" he observed.

"That is an unnecessary question to ask," replied Jack. "You see I am here."

"Not at all. You might have been making a tour of California, but since you have declared that you followed me, may I ask your reason?"

"To bring you to justice for attempting my life, after which I shall marry Miss Vanhoosen."

"So you have gone into the detective business, Mr. Harkaway? I congratulate you," said his lordship, sarcastically.

"It was time for me to do something."

"Well, you have found me. What next?"

"I shall arrest you."

"Here?"

"Certainly, my lord. I shall be my own police officer, and not give you a chance to run away."

Lord Maltravers laughed heartily.

"My dear fellow," he replied, "what do you take me for?"

"Precisely for that which I know you to be."

"And that is——"

"An unmitigated scoundrel."

"Thank you; personality seems to be your forte," said Maltravers. "And now let me tell you one thing: I am no child to be arrested by you."

"We shall see," answered Jack.

The room, as we have said, was full of rough characters, who were noisy, and inclined to be riotous; wine was flowing freely.

"Boys!" cried Maltravers, in a stentorian voice. Instantly he was the centre of attraction.

"Do any of you want to make a stake of a hundred dollars?"

"Yes, yes!" replied a dozen men.

"Then put a head on this man for me."

He held out five twenty-dollar gold-pieces in one hand and pointed to Harkaway with the other.

A big man, over six feet high, apparently strong as a horse, with a well-developed biceps muscle, stepped forward.

He had several scars on his face, and had lost one eye, which gave him a ghastly appearance.

"That money's mine," he exclaimed.

"You can have it if you are my man."

"Hand it over."

Lord Maltravers gave him the gold, and at the same time Jack took a step in advance.

"You shall not escape me in that way," he said.

"Hold on there," cried the volunteer.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you," cried Jack.

"I'm Nappa Bill," said the man, "and if I can't make you squeal, I want to go home."

"Listen to me," said Harkaway. "This fellow is a notorious murderer, and is wanted in New York."

"New York be darned!" said Nappa Bill. "If he has killed his man, there are lots of us in this room who has done the same thing, and his money is as good to me as any other chap's. Let him go, and then you an' me's got to talk."

Seeing that it would be useless to attempt to arrest his lordship after the turn affairs had taken, Jack relinquished his idea.

"Gentlemen, I will leave you to amuse yourselves," exclaimed Maltravers.

Jack was furiously indignant, and burned with rage as he saw his enemy make for the door.

"Stop!" he cried.

"To oblige you? Oh, dear, no. I rather think not. I shall be glad to meet you at Foster's Cliff House to-morrow at two, if you will promise to come unattended."

"I will be there."

"On my terms?"

"Yes."

"Very well; we can then discuss the situation; for the present, it will be enough to say good-night."

Always a polished villain, Maltravers bowed and took his departure.

Jack was baffled, and was about to sit down to consider what he should do, when Nappa Bill made a furious lunge at him with a knife.

Seeing the movement, he stepped on one side and escaped being killed by almost a miracle.

Being armed, he drew a pistol.

"Keep off," he said, "or I'll shoot."

"That's good enough. I like to see a man barbed. I'll have more pleasure in cutting you now," answered Nappa Bill.

"What do you want to fight me at all for?"

"Wasn't I paid for it? Why, look at here, I'd scorn to take the man's money and do nothing for it."

"Come on, then. The sooner this thing is settled the better."

Nappa Bill did not want to be asked twice: he accepted the invitation and threw himself upon Jack, who received a slight flesh-wound in his shoulder.

Drawing himself quickly back, he fired a snap-shot at the ruffian, not having time to take aim.

The bullet struck Nappa Bill about the middle of

the wrist, and with a fearful oath he allowed his knife to drop on the floor.

"Curse you!" he cried. "You've broken my wrist."

"It's all your own fault," replied Jack, coolly. "I did not provoke this contest, as all the gentlemen here present, I am sure, will testify. You have made a little money by your conduct, but I guess it will all go in doctor's bills."

At this there was a laugh.

Nappa Bill bound up his injured hand with a napkin, which he snatched from the arm of the negro waiter.

Looking earnestly at Jack, he said:

"I'm cornered this time, and I'll own up that you got the best of me, but by thunder, I'll get square with you, colonel, if it takes me all my life."

"Ah, pshaw! fellows like you can't harm me."

"Are you betting money on that?"

"I never bet with your class," replied Jack.

"What's my class?" inquired Nappa Bill.

"Loafers, frauds and beats."

"You're kind of high-toned, aren't you?" sneered Nappa Bill. "They're all gentlemen where you come from, I should imagine; don't have to work and look around for a living."

"It matters very little who or what I am," replied Jack, "but if you pick me up for a fool you'll find that you never made a greater mistake in your life."

"That's all right, but remember that Nappa Bill is your open enemy."

Jack put his pistol back in his pocket, and with a careless laugh quitted the room.

There were several men standing in his way, but they quickly made space for him.

Nappa Bill did not attempt to injure him further. He contented himself with using some strong adjectives, which would not look well in print.

Harkaway had won the first move in the game.

CHAPTER III.

MALTRAVERS'S PLOT.

EARLY on the following day Maltravers presented himself at Clarence Holt's lodgings, on Mission Street.

He found the husband and wife at breakfast.

They both rose and welcomed him, though it was apparent that there was more fear than warmth in their reception.

"Go on with your breakfast," he said; "don't mind me."

"Thank you, I am through," replied Clarence, who lost all appetite at the sight of the man who held him in his power; "it is time I started for the bank."

"You need not trouble yourself about business to-day."

"How?"

"I want you to do a little work for me."

Elise looked reproachfully at her husband.

"If you neglect your duties you will lose your situation!" she exclaimed.

"I will find him another if that should happen," said his lordship. "Can I talk with you alone, Holt?"

"Certainly, sir."

He handed the paper to his wife, and added:

"Go, my dear, to your room, and amuse yourself with the news until I am at liberty."

Elise, with an ill grace, quitted the room, wondering what secret business the two men were about to transact.

With the quick instinct of a woman, who is always more or less of a disciple of Lavater, and a judge of male character, she took a dislike to Maltravers when she had a fair opportunity of studying his face.

Not that he was homely. Far from it. He was just the sort of man to fascinate a woman, but there was a lurking devil in his features which betrayed the slumbering fire of wickedness within.

Her husband and Mr. Smith were closeted together for over an hour, when the latter left.

"You fully understand?" said his lordship, at parting.

"Perfectly."

"I leave for Calistoga this afternoon, and depend upon you."

"I'll do my best, sir," replied Clarence, respectfully.

Closing the door, he sank into a chair and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"He is not a man," he muttered; "he is a fiend."

Elise had entered the room.

"What is that you say?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied Clarence, evasively. "I have to go out. This evening I shall take you to the theatre."

"Indeed!"

Her eyes sparkled with pleasure, for it was not often that her husband of late had invited her out.

In happier days they were in the habit of going out together, but now Clarence left her alone with her baby.

He kissed her with some of the old-time tenderness, and the act brought the tears to her eyes.

"Oh, if you would always be like this," she said, "I should begin to feel happy again."

"The time will come, darling," he answered.

"God grant it. You have been so changed lately, Cherry. I have thought that you had some terrible secret on your mind."

"Oh, no."

"But tell me, will you not, what influence that man has over you?"

"Wild man!"

"Mr. Smith, he who was here with you. What were you talking about, and why has he kept you away from your work?"

"Little women should not ask questions," he replied.

With a deep-drawn sigh, Elise turned away to hide her tears, which flowed afresh, and Clarence Holt went out.

She felt that there was some awful secret which he kept concealed from her.

The brief happiness she had experienced was short-lived, and the heavy sensation which had oppressed her heart clung round it once more.

Clarence sent a note to the bank, stating his absence on the plea of sickness, and going to a livery stable, hired a wagon and a pair of horses, with which he drove through the Golden Gate Park to Captain Foster's Cliff House.

On his way he looked frequently at a photograph which Maltravers had given him, underneath which was written the name "Jack Harkaway."

When he reached the Cliff House he put his horse under the shed and entered the bar-room.

Jack was already there, smoking a cigar by the window, and looking out at the seals on the rocks in the sea.

"Mr. Harkaway, I believe," said Clarence.

"That is my name, sir," replied Jack. "What is your business with me?"

"I am commissioned to give you a letter."

Jack took the proffered epistle from his hand, and tearing open the envelope, read the contents, which were as follows:

"I find it impossible to meet you to-day, as appointed, as I am making preparations to leave San Francisco at once, but I should like to see you this evening at the California Theatre. I have Box 8. I will formally give up all claims to a certain lady's hand, and if you will let me alone I will not molest you any more.

"M."

"Thank you," said Jack.

"What answer shall I take back?" asked Clarence Holt.

"Say I will be at the theatre."

He tore the note into fragments, and with a bow Clarence left him.

Presently he was joined by a tall, stout, florid-looking man, well dressed, and apparently well-to-do, who said:

"Good day."

"Good day," replied Jack, abstractedly.

"I said it was a fine day, sir."

"Well, what of it?" asked Jack.

"You're a Britisher, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Guessed so. Been here long?"

"Really, I don't see how the length of my residence in this country can possibly interest you," said Jack.

"Don't see it, hey?"

"No, I don't, and what is more, I am not in the habit of talking to strangers."

"Got to get cured of that. However, if you want an introduction, I'll give it to you. Here's my card."

Jack glanced at it, and read the name of "Captain Blower."

Out of politeness he exchanged cards with him.

"Mr. Harkaway, I'm glad to know you," said the captain. "I'm a Forty-niner, and you can bet I'm solid."

"Indeed!" remarked Jack, with a smile.

"Yes, sir. I own real estate, and I'm interested in a mine. How do you like our climate?"

"Pretty good in the morning, but rather cold and dusty in the afternoon."

"What do you think of our seals?"

These are the two first questions that San Franciscans always ask strangers.

"Oh, the seals didn't strike me as being anything wonderful," replied Jack.

"Aren't, eh?"

"They seem quiet, inoffensive-looking creatures as they lie on the rocks basking in the sun."

"I'll bet you wouldn't care to swim out and bring one back," exclaimed Captain Blower.

"Oh! that would be easy enough."

"I'll bet you."

"My dear sir, I don't want to make a show of myself, or I'd do it in a moment."

"I'll bet you," said Captain Blower, a third time.

Harkaway grew irritated at his persistence.

"What will you bet?" he asked.

"Five hundred dollars."

"I don't like to take your money."

"There is more where that came from. You durn't do it."

"Put it up," said Jack, promptly.

The captain walked over to a military-looking gentleman, and producing a roll of bills, counted out five hundred dollars.

"Foster!" he exclaimed to the proprietor of the Cliff House, "you know me?"

"Well, I should hope so," was the reply.

"I've bet this gentleman, Mr. Harkaway, five hundred that he can't swim out to the rocks and bring back a seal, and I want you to hold the stakes."

"I'll do it. But does the gentleman know that it's the breeding-season, and the seals are dangerous at this time of the year?"

Harkaway approached and handed over his money.

"That doesn't matter!" he exclaimed. "I'm willing to accept the bet. All I want is a bathing-suit and a sharp knife. That's fair, I hope."

"Certainly," said Mr. Foster.

"I don't object," replied Captain Blower.

"You see that big fellow bail way up the biggest rock?" continued Jack, pointing to the sea.

"Yes; that is the one we call General Butler."

"Ah! right. I'll undertake to bring him back, although I might win the bet by carrying off one of the small seals."

Foster admired his courage, but doubted his ability to carry out his intention.

He took Jack into a bedroom, where he donned a bathing-suit and was given a carving-knife, which was the most formidable weapon they had in the house.

Thus provided he walked down to the seaside by himself, while Foster and Captain Blower, armed with opera-glasses, sat on chairs on the piazza and watched his progress.

Jack was an excellent swimmer, and plunging into the sea, swam rapidly toward the seal-rocks.

He carried the knife between his teeth.

The seals, who could be numbered by hundreds, had crept out of the sea and were lying in various places on the rocks, apparently asleep.

Some must have been awake, however, for every now and then a loud bark was heard.

What Captain Foster had said about the seals being dangerous was perfectly true.

They had been bearing young, and were perfectly ready to repel any invasion of their territory.

This Jack did not know.

No one ever interfered with them, as it is a penal offence to shoot them, they being one of the shows of the city.

What would San Francisco be without its seals?

A pleasant swim of from ten to fifteen minutes' duration brought Jack to the base of the three rocks.

The seals began to bark, and some dived into the water.

To climb up was very difficult, as the seaweed was wet and slippery, it being ebb tide.

One seal attempted to bite him, but a dexterous thrust with his knife gave the sea-lion his death-blow.

With praiseworthy perseverance Jack got up to where the big seal was disporting himself in the rays of the sun.

The animal showed its gleaming tusks and snapped at Jack's leg, missing it by half an inch.

Jack stooped down and tried to stab the huge beast, but his foot slipped, and he rolled over and over until he fell with a loud splash into the sea.

The seal had also lost its balance, and came tumbling over on the top of him.

Fortunately, Jack had retained his hold of the knife.

When he rose to the surface, he found himself confronted by a dozen angry seals, and for some time a lively fight ensued.

The sea was stained with blood, and Jack received some bites, more or less severe, but not serious enough to disable him.

At length, by a dexterous thrust, he killed the huge seal he had at first singled out as his prey.

It keeled over, and grasping one of its fins, he dragged it laboriously to the shore, swimming with one hand.

"By thunder!" said Captain Blower, "I reckoned those critters would have chawed him up."

"It's his good luck they did not," replied Mr. Foster, lowering his opera-glass.

Clarence Holt had been one of the spectators of this singular scene.

"Your are five hundred dollars out," he remarked.

"Oh, I don't care for that. A friend of mine, Mr. Smith, gave it me to speculate with," replied Captain Blower, smiling significantly.

Clarence was much surprised at this declaration.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Smith?" he asked.

"Yes. Anything funny about that? It's not an uncommon name, is it?"

"Oh, no, but I happen to be employed by the same gentleman, that is all," answered Clarence; "and as I can say is, if Smith's agents are so numerous, I shouldn't like to be Jack Harkaway."

"Why, no," said Captain Blower. "It would take me to death to hold an insurance on his life."

Clarence, after this, drove off, more than ever impressed with the power and resources of his employer.

In time Jack appeared with his captive, which Mr. Foster said he would have stuffed in commemoration of the event.

Jack took a bath, plastered up his bites, and did not feel any the worse for his exploit.

Captain Blower paid the money and hurried away, as if he had other work to attend to.

Jack had ridden over, and calling for his horse, mounted and rode toward the Golden Gate Park.

Soon afterward a buggy came up behind him at a quick pace.

In it was Captain Blower, who gave utterance to a whoop which would have done credit to a Piute Indian on the war-path.

This cry startled Jack's horse, which started off at top speed.

Jack endeavored to rein him in, but the bridle broke, and he was utterly powerless to control or guide the maddened animal.

Some one had evidently tampered with the rein, half cutting it in two.

The gate of the park was drawing near, and Jack became very nervous, for if he got thrown on the hard road he would be killed.

Fortunately, the horse swerved and dashed across the sand-hills on the left, plowing up to his knees, and greatly diminishing his speed.

At length his rider saw a chance of throwing himself off in a soft place, and did so.

The horse came to a stop a little further on.

Jack walked up and examined the bridle, which, as he suspected, had been cut.

"Lord Maltravers's agents again. I cannot trust that man," he muttered. "It will be best to have him arrested to-night, at the theatre. I do not see why I should keep faith with him."

Mending the reins he walked the horse home, and at the hotel found his two old friends, Mr. Mole and Harvey, whom he had left in New York, and who had just arrived.

The professor walked with a stick, being yet a little lame.

Harvey was the bearer of a long letter and many kind messages from Lena Vanhoesen.

It was a great pleasure to Jack to see his friends, to whom he related what had happened since his arrival in San Francisco.

"By all means arrest Maltravers at the theatre to-night," said Harvey, "and put a stop to his intrigues, once for all."

"I will," replied Jack.

"Suppose I come in at the end of the first act and bring a police officer with me?"

"That will do," answered Jack.

Mr. Mole had gone outside in the corridor, and all at once Jack and Harvey heard a great uproar.

They rushed out, and found the professor attacking a man with his crutch.

"Hold on, sir!" cried Jack. "What is all this about?"

Mr. Mole stopped beating the man, who instantly ran away.

"I can't stand it, Jack," said Mr. Mole. "I'm an old man and my nerves are weak."

"What has occurred to ruffle your feathers?"

"I have only been half a day in San Francisco, and this man whom I was chastising asked me, for the twentieth time, how I liked the climate and what I thought of the seals."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jack.

"It may be very funny, but there is a limit to human endurance," replied the professor, shaking his head, dismally.

"Oh! it's nothing when you get used to it," Jack said.

Mr. Mole retired to his room, evidently laboring under the impression that he had been badly used, and Harkaway went out with Harvey to promenade on Montgomery Street.

[To be continued.]

BICYCLE CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE is a growing interest in bicycles in this country, and the race we illustrated lately will be followed by others in various parts. The following letter, giving a first experience, will be found amusing to our readers:

"Gents: After receiving my bicycle I took it out on a remote piece of capital country road and attempted to ride. My first attempt to mount was a failure. I was alone, and, just as I was about making a second trial, a buggy with a friend of mine hove in sight. I immediately busied myself with an appearance of adjusting the saddle. He passed on. I tried again. I succeeded; and once in the saddle, had the thing well under control. The effect would have been most exhilarating had I not anticipated a tough time dismounting safely. I rode on for about two miles, and the dread of a fall stared me in the face, and destroyed all the pleasure of that first ride. I remembered Mr. Pitman, how he mounted; but at that all-important moment my memory failed me as to how he got off. In a moment I was in a cold sweat, for before me, at only a few rods, I saw the abrupt descent of a long, steep hill. And to run down that would be most horrible, if not fatal. Something must be done! But how? I reached back in desperation with my foot and—caught it in he spokes, but going so slowly, no harm came save to straighten my hair. Things were getting desperate. I could not look to see the step, or I would fall. Now only a few yards from the very brink. Suddenly I became perfectly calm, I grasped a firm hold of the tillers, made a successful side vault, and landed safely by the side of the machine, just as she had left the first descent of the horrible hill. Up to that moment I felt that the bicycle was my master, but from that moment I had it fully under control. Turning to the right, I found another perfectly level piece of road, as smooth as a billiard-table. I determined then to practice mounting and dismounting, since I knew I could ride. After once or twice, I felt that my nerve was secure and I was happy. Allow me to impose on your time just to describe the ride I then took. For weeks before I had 'bicycle on the brain' badly. I longed for it and had gone over my practice many times in my mind, and had all the hard part learned well; so as I stood by the very thing I had been longing for, and had succeeded in mastering it, I was just in the happiest frame of mind. This road was at the top of a series of hills, and below me was the charming 'Orange Valley.' The rich and variegated Autumn foliage was all aglow in the golden lustre of the setting sun, and it was the most delightful time, both of day and of temperature, for a ride imaginable. I wheeled about, mounted, and away I sped. I felt my power and thorough control. I was spinning along, faster and yet faster. I was fully prepared to be delighted with the splendid exercise, but I little knew of the wild, dashing excitement in store for me.

"My very blood tingled in my veins as I flew, dashed, flashed through the air. I was approaching a well-known and well used thoroughfare, and slackened my speed slower and slower, and at a mile post I stopped. The mile post showed two miles, and my watch showed seven and a half minutes. After a brief rest I mounted and rode home making, in all, seven miles on the first attempt, and then only approaching darkness stopped me. I did not feel in the least tired; on the contrary, I felt that I had scarcely commenced. I longed that night for the day, and in my dreams I made things fly. I was wild to get at those 'Englishmen,' of whom I have told you.

"Prudence bade me wait a week and get in good practice, but ambition yelled, 'Go for them!' Next day (Saturday) they all three of them were to take a 'run,' and I was invited to go with them. We met and started. They were well equipped as to dress, having regular costumes, while I wore my ordinary clothes, but my 'COLUMBIA' looked speediest and finest. The best thing was to prove its looks. I thought it wisest to trail them, as I always do in a long distance foot-race. It struck me that either they were kind enough to 'run easily,' on account of my inexperience, or else that I was keeping up to them pretty easily.

"We took a road new to me, of course, but smooth and level, and, after running about five miles, they let up very perceptibly. Three miles further on it was necessary to dismount. Then they struck a side path, which they said would be very exciting and require skillful riding. Determined not to be scared out of anything, I boldly followed, and I must confess that had I not had good luck, once or twice I would have had an ugly fall. I pulled through all right, dismounting only once. We retraced our steps, and were soon on the good road again.

"Here the cyclometer registered eight miles, and the proposition was generally accepted that we ride the remaining five miles for time. Up to this I had thought that they were riding at a fair road gait, and I found no difficulty in keeping up with them. But now the real race was coming, and I was on my mettle at once. We were off at a rattling pace, which I felt I could hold, and, once warmed into it, I drew and took third place. When the second mile made a bad lurch to the left, which put us both to great trouble to escape a fall.

"That put us last, and I rushed up and caught the second man easily and collared the leader. He is a genuine Britisher, and has ridden in the old country for nearly or quite a year. He saw that I was after him, and he laid down to his work with a will, but it was only a spurt, for I held him for about half a mile, and then drew on him. He was then only a short length ahead, there being scarce daylight between us. Just then came a bad bit for racing, being up hill. I saw him slacken, and I pushed on in the determination to lead once, at any rate.

"When I was well ahead of him I had reached the top of the hill, and there I let up for a second or two. Here I caught my second wind, and, feeling so good, I threw my whole soul into the race. They never heeded me, and I came in as I pleased about one hundred yards ahead of the second man. When the last man came up, and all hands dismounted, the time was taken and showed twenty-two minutes. I am sure I was a good minute ahead of that time. That was within twenty-four hours of my getting the machine. The next day I rode thirteen miles—the last five in twenty-one minutes—and I did not experience as much fatigue as when I row three miles in my boat. I was perfectly astounded to find how little exertion it took, comparatively, to cover so much ground in so little time.

"Yours very truly, J. LAFON."

THE STORY OF WILD TOM,

THE BOY HERO OF THE NEW YORK BOOTBLACKS.

BY JAMES REYNOLDS.

"HALLO! there goes Wild Tom! Isn't he a stunner, though! I guess he don't know any of us fellows now since he's got 'em new clothes and goes to school!"

I was standing near the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, when I heard the words quoted.

I don't know why I paid attention to them. They were not addressed to me.

One street Arab, with his blacking box slung over a shoulder, shouted them to a newsboy who was a little way from him.

I was, as it happened, standing on the walk midway between the two.

I looked, I suppose inquiringly, at the bootblack and then at the newsboy. My glances did not escape their notice.

Giving them their own interpretation, they both ran toward me and simultaneously cried:

"Papers, sir?"

"Black yer boots?"

The exclamation, "There goes Wild Tom!" was yet ringing in my ears, and, while holding out a boot to be cleaned and a cent for a paper, I said, not addressing particularly either merchant of the pavé:

"Who's Wild Tom?"

"Who's Wild Tom?" repeated the bootblack, suspending his work of polishing and looking up in my face.

"Who's Wild Tom?" echoed the newsvendor, as he put his bundle of papers under his right arm and his hands into his trousers pockets, and then gave a long, low whistle.

"Haven't ye hear'n o' Wild Tom, mister?" resumed the bootblack, as he worked hard, apparently to make up for lost time, on the boot. "That's him a-goin' down there t'other side o' the way."

"Hello! Wild Tom, old feller 's that yer?" shouted the newsboy. "How's yer old cobs?"

The lad thus addressed stopped short in his walk, and, taking off his cap, shook it gayly at his friends.

Next, taking advantage of a short pause in the travel, he sprang across the pavement, and, coming up, said, as he grasped the newsboy's hand:

"How are you, Jake? All right? I'm first-rate, I tell you. How are all the chaps up at the Home? All happy, I suppose. Is that you, Duck?" he continued, as he turned to the bootblack. "Why, I haven't seen you in a year!"

"Well," returned Dick, "was that there my fault? I'm allers at the Home, 'cept when I git a star engagement to play Shakspeare's tragedys at the Grand Duke's Theatre in Baxter Street. Say, Tom, yer oughter come 'long an' see me spout Richard. I kin do that, ole horse, an' not half try. Can't I, Jake?"

"Yer kin," answered the newsboy, never removing his eyes from him whom he called "Wild Tom," and whose person he seemed to greatly admire. "My! how scrictious ye are, ole feller!" he cried. "I guess the gov does like yer, I'll bet."

Wild Tom laughed good-naturedly and glanced earnestly, but, at the same time, thought proudly of his neatly-fitting garments.

He was, in truth, a very handsome boy. His eyes were large, expressive, and full of fire. As for his hair, it was soft and wavy and dark. The boy was tall, slim and active.

I could see that he was as supple as a monkey. There was something about the lad that I greatly admired. He was, I was impressed, honest and straightforward. His head was large, well-formed and well-poised.

"I s'pose, Tom," remarked Dick, as he stood up, having finished the boots and pocketed his fee—"I s'pose ye've forgot how to flourish this yere brush seace yer fallin' inter that 'ere tub er good luck?"

Tom grasped the speaker's hand, and laughingly answered:

"No, I haven't, old boy. I polish off my boots every morning."

"Well," pursued Dick, with a business-like air, "when yer tired 'er that kine 'er fun jes' let's hev the privaredge 'er doin' of it for yer."

"You'll have my custom, you bet, Dick," laughed Wild Tom, "when I get too stiff in the backbone to do it for myself. But good-by, boys. I'm in a hurry. I'm on a message for Mr. Parkhurst, and he wants his errands done in the quickest possible time."

The boy ran across the street, and proceeded with a quick pace down-town.

"Well," remarked Dick, to his newspaper friend, "I ain't env'ous. Are you, Jake? It makes a feller feel kin' er good to see him gettin' 'long."

"I'm glad on it," returned the newsboy. "It's some ter see him fixed up nice. Hope he'll stick right 'long."

"Why, boys," I here broke in, "I have heard all you have said. I suppose that this is the young gentleman you have spoken to? I asked you about him just now."

"There's him," answered the bootblack.

"Well, what of him?" I asked.

"Consid'ble, mister," returned the newspaper boy.

"My curiosity's excited," I remarked.

"Who's he?" asked the bootblack, gravely. "We never heard him called by any other name than Wild Tom."

I laughed at the misapprehension of the lad.

"Well, what did the boy do to get him that name?" I persisted.

"Lots, sir," answered Jake. "He's allers a-doin' of strange things—a runnin' of his head inter all kinds er danger. And that's why we fellers call him 'Wild Tom.' He used to be one on us. But he did a big thing, yer see, and that's jes' lifted on him clear out'n boot-blackin'!"

"If you boy's 'll tell me the story I'll give you a quarter-dollar each," I said.

"Yer 'll?" they cried, together. "Why, I'd er till it yer twice for that, three times over."

"Well, go ahead at once," I replied.

"You tell it, Jake," said the bootblack; "there's quarters pending. So tell it lively, now."

"No, Dick," responded the newsboy. "You kin play traggidy at the Grand Duck The-a-tre, an' yer oughter fite it up nicer. Go ahead."

And Dick, without further hesitation, related the subjoined anecdote, which demonstrates that true courage is a fortune to any boy, however poor or low his station in life may be—provided he knows how to wisely use it. But it, as a matter of course, demands of him other talent than the mere quality of adventuresomeness.

I will give the narrative in my own words, and as concisely as possible.

Wild Tom—he was known by no other name by his associates of the bootblack and newsboy class of street Arabs—had been, up to a few weeks before, a "polisher of leather."

He had no friends—no relations of whom he had any knowledge. Of even his surname he was ignorant.

He had been cared for by an old crone who lived in the back room of a tenement in Baxter Street until about a year before his appearance at the Home.

This woman took good care of him from his childhood until death separated them.

The old creature, it appears, was very particular in placing on the child's mind the impression that they were in no way related.

Whenever she referred to the matter she would say, "I'll tell you some day, Tom, who you are; but not now—not now. It isn't time yet."

The crone was found dead in her bed one morning. She had died suddenly some time in the night, and so, when her remains were put in the ground, the secret of Wild Tom's birth was buried with her.

This was all the boy knew of himself, and, it would seem, about all he cared to know.

The epithet "Wild" was bestowed upon him because of his inconsiderate daring.

He had saved more than one boy's life while in the river, and once or twice he had, at fires and elsewhere, risked his own existence that those of others might be placed beyond danger.

The important event in his young life, and which gave him a chance to get on in the world, happened in this wise:

He was walking up West Fourteenth Street, and was on the block bounded by Broadway and Fifth Avenue, his blacking-and-brush box thrown over his right shoulder, when there suddenly was heard a great shout, a scattering of vehicles to each side of the street, and the shrieks of women and the cries of children.

The ragged, barefooted boy looked up the broad thoroughfare somewhat surprised.

At first he imagined, as he subsequently related the incident to one of his chums, that there had a fire broken out in the neighborhood, and that engines were running toward it.

This was the thought of the moment.

The next, he heard immediately behind a quick, rattling noise, then the cry of a woman and the tramping of horses.

Turning round, he saw that which would have paralyzed any but him.

A span of carriage-horses were running at their greatest speed.

They were harnessed to an open barouche.

When within a few feet of where Tom was standing the wheels of the carriage struck heavily against the curbstone.

The concussion was so great that the unfortunate coachman, who, it would seem, lost his mind and his reins at the same time, was thrown from his box upon the flagging, where he lay insensible—perhaps dead, many supposed at the time.

Wild Tom comprehended the situation at a glance. His mind was made up. He saw that there were a woman and a child in the barouche. Their lives must be preserved, even if he risked losing his own.

Indeed, it is doubtful if he thought of himself in that supreme moment.

Dropping his box upon the walk, he sprang across the pavement.

When he had come up to where the horses were running wildly toward Broadway, he leaped at their heads with the impetuosity and fearlessness of a panther.

Had he missed his aim, he would have been trampled under the feet of the frightened animals, and doubtless there would have ended his brief career on earth.

But he caught the heads of the horses just where he had intended he should.

He held fast to them by their check-reins.

Pulling their heads down, he gradually managed to get far control them that he could bring them quickly around, and facing an iron fence, over which they could not leap, and from which they could not turn away.

Emboldened by his success thus far—if the expression may with propriety be used, for the boy never calculated about possibilities or what he should do next—Tom seized the dragging reins which had slipped from the unfortunate driver's hands.

THE STORY OF WILD TOM.—"HE LEAPED AT THEIR HEADS WITH THE IMPETUOSITY AND FEARLESSNESS OF A PANTHER."—SEE PAGE 323.

Next he climbed to the box, and with the self-possession of a John having years of experience, gradually gave them the lines, and then, as he caused them to retrace their steps, brought them back to a steady pace and under perfect control.

The child within the carriage had fainted. The lady, however, although her lips were bloodless and her face of an ashen hue, had succeeded in preserving her consciousness until the danger was entirely removed.

Then, as she sank into oblivion for the time, she was heard to murmur:

"God sent you to us, my brave boy."

Wild Tom heard these words, and they greatly pleased him.

At the command of a policeman, who endeavored to make himself particularly conspicuous, now that danger was no longer imminent, Wild Tom vacated the seat he had temporarily usurped.

"What are you doing up there, you young rascal?" he shouted. "Come down! I've a great mind to run you into the station-house."

A lady stood near the officer who had watched the boy in his heroic and successful effort, and through whose sole instrumentality the lives of at least the woman and the child seated in the barouche had been saved, said to him in a scornful voice:

"You had better not arrest him, sir. There is more true courage in that boy than there is in all the police force of New York rolled into one officer."

The policeman turned to the lady to threaten her.

He saw something in her face that warned him to proceed no further, and he was silent.

Wild Tom moved over to where he had dropped his box.

He found it. On picking it up, he followed those who were carrying the insensible coachman to a drug-store on Broadway.

The next morning a gentleman called at the "Home," and asked if he could see the boy who had stopped the runaway horses in Fourteenth Street the preceding afternoon.

The superintendent had heard of the accident, but he was not aware that any of his lodgers had to do with it.

Fortunately Dick was present and overheard the conversation.

"Why," he said, "don't yer know who 'twas? Why, 'twas Wild Tom! He told me all about it, he did; an' it's'posed yer knew all about it, too."

The superintendent confessed his ignorance. He added:

"It was just like Wild Tom."

Dick soon found his chum and brought him to the gentleman, who requested him to accompany him to his residence, where a lady—the one that was in the carriage—desired to speak with him.

Wild Tom was not without some natural courtesy. He had saved a little money, with which he had purchased a pretty fair suit of clothes.

Retiring for a few minutes to the dormitory, he washed his face and hands, polished his shoes, put on a clean shirt, and then donned his new garments.

Then he completed his toilet by combing his soft, fine hair.

When he re-entered the "office" the gentleman was astonished at the metamorphosis. Wild Tom looked positively handsome.

He was quite in his manners, and, as his language was superior to those with whom he daily associated, the visitor, who appeared to be very kind to him, scarcely knew what to say or do.

He expected to be brought into the society of a rough, slangy, untutored youth.

Instead of which he found himself with a presentable lad, who might be called with propriety a "natural gentleman."

Wild Tom was introduced to the lady of the barouche.

She recognized and liked him.

It had been her intention to present the boy with a gift in money, under the impression that it would gratify him.

When, however, she perceived what a fine appearing youth he was, she changed her mind. A few questions satisfied her of his character in other respects.

Now she longed, having no son of her own, to adopt him.

This she could not do outright. The boy's self-respect might revolt at such a proposition. She simply, therefore, invited him to be her guest.

She hinted at obtaining employment for him in an office, if he would accept it and give up his street life.

The rest of the story of Wild Tom may be told in a few words.

He gradually became a prominent inmate of the Parkhurst family. He is a constant attendant at school, and there is a promise in him of rising to honor and fortune.

A HUNGRY WHALE.—HE SWALLOWS A FISHING-NET, FISH AND ALL.

A HUNGRY WHALE.

AS the crew of a Footdee fishing-boat were hauling their nets on board at the fishing-ground about thirty miles north of Aberdeen, in Scotland, recently, a very large-sized whale—a "finner"—made a rush at a heavily-stocked net, and swallowed part of it, along with an immense quantity of herrings which were sticking in the meshes. The somewhat indigestible mouthful seemed to make the whale rather uncomfortable, the monster looking as if it was about to choke; but the fisherman in the boat managed to tear off a bit of the net, and the whale soon disappeared with the rest.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO A SOMNAMBULIST.

A SHOCKING accident happened in England, lately, to a Mrs. Sabina McDaniel, aged thirty-eight years. The lady had been staying with some friends at No. 16 Warrior Road, Kennington, and retired to rest as usual on Friday night, but shortly after midnight her friends heard her walking about her room. It was known that she was a somnambulist, but no danger was apprehended, she being in her bedroom. Suddenly, however, a great crash of glass, followed by a scream and a heavy fall, was heard, and upon the inmates hastening to ascertain the cause they discovered that Mrs. McDaniel had, during her sleep, walked through a glass door on the second floor, and fallen into the garden below, a distance of thirty-five feet. Medical assistance was quickly procured, when it was found that the poor lady had fractured both her legs, and sustained severe internal injuries, necessitating her immediate removal to the hospital.

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

PICKWICK'S RETURN TO SCHOOL—THE LITTLE DIFFERENCE WITH THE DIDDLER.

DOCTOR WADDLE'S boys left the schoolroom in hot haste, shouting with delight.

"Hurrah! hurrah! now for some fun!"

They had been granted a half-holiday, and meant to enjoy themselves as young boys should.

"What's the first move?" said Dick Sanciff, appealing to a group of his particular chums.

"I vote that we go meet young Pickwick," returned a youth who rejoiced in the name of Tinkle and a suit of tightly-fitting garments, of a sporting cut.

Tinkle's suggestion was well received.

"Capital idea," cried a lad of eccentric appearance, with a slight defect in one eye, and who constantly jerked out his words in a spasmodic manner; "wait at turnpike—shake his hand!—pump-handle—all jolly—up to time—I'm ready."

"Let's have a run for it."

"Half-a-crown for the first who touches the turnpike," said Dick Sanciff.

"That's your sort; stand in a line; off we go!" cried the Diddler, as he of the swivel eye was dubbed.

The Diddler's long, meanly-clad legs soon took him beyond the rest.

"I have won—hand over!" he exclaimed, taking the coin from Dick and spinning it in the air. "Good half-a-crown—nothing like money—useful article—very! Hurrah for Diddler!"

"Hallos! what do you young varmints want here?" cried the toll-collector, putting his head over the half-door, and eying them very suspiciously.

"Make your mind easy, old man," said Dick; "we have only come to meet Pickwick and a lot of other fellows."

"Here comes the coach!" said Tinkle, pointing to a cloud of dust about half a mile down the straight, white road.

As it drew near, they saw young Samuel Pickwick in the much-coveted seat by the driver's side, his pleasant boyish countenance beaming with smiles.

The coachman was a burly, red-faced fellow, with a white comforter wound round his huge throat.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO A SOMNAMBULIST.—SHE WALKS, IN HER SLEEP, THROUGH A GLASS DOOR.

"Hurrah for Pickwick!" shouted the boys in the road, and those in the coach took up the cry as the stout driver pulled up his horses.

"Hurrah! hurrah, boys! we've come back to school."

Pickwick was a general favorite.

"Down you some!" cried the Diddler, laying hold of Samuel Pickwick's boot. "Look sharp; stir your stumps—down you come. There you are, down."

Down he did come.

The Diddler had given him such a sudden jerk that he rolled over in the dust.

"I say, Diddler, you had better mind what you are at," cried young Pickwick, rising to his feet with a flushed face and a soiled coat.

"Keep your temper, Pick;—only an accident," returned the Diddler, rubbing Pickwick down.

"Brush it off, dear boy—very sorry—shan't occur again—tumble in the dirt myself next time, and all that sort of thing, to oblige you. Tuppy, thank you."

Tuppy Tunstall, a chubby youth with curls clustering round his open brow, suddenly felt the small cane he carried snatched from his hand with more speed than politeness.

"I say, Diddler," he began.

"All serene," cried the Diddler. "Pickwick had a fall—dust his jacket—do him up—right as a trivet—no time—who I—stand still, Picky, my boy."

The hearty way in which the Diddler commenced proceedings made Pickwick give a sudden bowl and leap on one side.

Pickwick was good-nature itself, but he could not stand the dusting down the lively Diddler was giving him.

He rushed at him, and the Diddler fell into the toll-house, knocking over the old man.

"Now you just please to turn it up," said the toll-collector, lying flat on his back where the Diddler had knocked him. "I have my eye on yer, and the best thing you can do is to cut your stick."

"Come round Blind Lane and have it out," cried young Pickwick. "I won't have it said I allowed the Diddler to treat me like a tailor's dummy."

This proposition was seconded by the rest, so the Diddler said.

All seven gentlemen led on to the battlefield, Pickwick bent on punching Diddler's head, Diddler bent on punching Pickwick's head.

They were followed by their admiring friends.

"Now, Mr. Diddler, are you ready?" asked Pickwick.

As he spoke he pulled off his coat and handed it to Dick Sanclif.

"Picky, dear boy, fly away—let me have it—serve me right—wish you may get me—hold tight when you do. Ready?"

With these words the Diddler began to dodge the fat youth, who tried in vain to touch his person.

The Diddler was as cool as though he had just had a dip in the river, while the perspiration poured from young Samuel Pickwick's face.

"Why don't you stand still," cried Pickwick, "for a moment?"

"Can't, Picky. I was taught dancing at school. How do you like it there?"

Every now and then the swivel-eyed youth gave his opponent a playful tap in the waistcoat.

But he invariably came off scot-free.

"Only let me get at you," cried Pickwick, in desperation, as he saw the smiling faces of the spectators.

"All right, Picky. Where's Tinkie?—back me up, Tinkie, my boy."

Pickwick aimed a terrific blow at the Diddler's head.

But the Diddler dodging, his second, the enterprising young sportsman, received the blow upon his nose.

"Well hit—serve him right!" cried the Diddler, as Tinkie measured his length upon the ground. "No business to come too near—sent him down like an ox—didn't think it was in you, Picky. Tinkie, old man, how do you like it?"

At this moment the unsuspecting Diddler was clutched firmly by the collar.

He looked up, and saw that he was in the grasp of Mr. Waddle, the schoolmaster.

"You have been fighting, have you?" he cried, pointing to the prostrate form of Tinkie. "I'll teach you to knock other boys about."

The Diddler was an unprofitable pupil, who had been deserted by his parents, and left to the tender mercy of Mr. Waddle.

Therefore he was always in the wrong.

He made no attempt to explain the real state of the case to the doctor.

The Diddler was poor, and did not wish to offend his schoolfellows.

He knew well enough that a stand-up fight generally results in a reconciliation.

Mr. Waddle, after giving the Diddler some hearty cuffs, smiled pleasantly at the other boys (the Diddler did the same), and went on his way.

"You are a brick," cried Pickwick, holding out his hand to the Diddler.

He accepted it with a smile, saying:

"Pickwick, you're bricks and mortar."

The Diddler knew which side his bread was buttered.

Samuel Pickwick's friendship was worth cultivating.

"Now, look here, Diddler, I suppose you know you have got to go down to the town to-night to buy something nice for us all?"

"How will he manage it?" cried Monny Morton, Dick's cousin, who was a new pupil; "I can see old Belcher, the turnpike-man, at his post."

The turnpike was to the boys like the forbidden river beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass.

"Oh, old Punch in his box!" cried the Diddler; "discreet old buffer—take a tip—turns his back—admires the prospect—I pass through, and on I go."

"We mean to have a little feast in your honor," Alfred Waddell hastened to explain, in answer to the fat Pickwick's inquiry.

His words conveyed a delicate hint that young Pickwick should contribute toward the necessary funds for the evening's entertainment.

The Diddler took the matter in hand.

"Got five shillings!" he cried; "make it eight, Picky—look sharp. I'm off."

Pickwick having produced three shillings, the Diddler departed.

He walked slowly down the road, and they presently saw him in parley with the toll-collector.

"You're looking well," he said to the man; "nice day."

"Fine day," said Mr. Belcher, looking up at the sky.

"Yes," replied the Diddler, looking to the other side of the turnpike; "it seems better over there—greener—cooler—pleasanter."

"You are just like all boys," observed Mr. Belcher—"never satisfied. When I was a boy I was never satisfied, even when my blessed mother used to smack my head and father sent me to bed without my supper."

After giving the Diddler this touching reminiscence of his youth, the toll-collector relapsed into silence.

The Diddler, after kissing his hand to the door-knocker, turned off to make his purchases for his schoolfellows.

He returned home loaded, Dick Sanclif having given him five shillings to expend, in addition to the other money.

But Dick was rich, and could afford to be generous.

This reflection was very agreeable to the Diddler, who had made something out of every article he had brought.

"Ha, ha!" cried the Diddler; "twenty-five per cent. for my trouble—not so bad—ha, ha!"

CHAPTER II.

MIFFINS IN THE HANDS OF HIS FOES—HE IS LEFT TO HIS FATE.

"HALLOA, Diddler, old man," cried a familiar voice; "got the grub, I see."

Diek, for it was he, was about to relieve the Diddler from some of his parcels, when he suddenly stopped short.

"I say," he exclaimed, pointing to a man who was mending the roof of a barn; "there's old Miffins. Shouldn't I like to serve him out!"

"Serve him out—good—know the way—do it at once," cried the Diddler. "Take away ladder—can't come down—nobody pass—night come on—feel cold—grin and bear it—awkward very for old Miffins."

"Diddler, you are a brick for fun," said Dick. "I'll do it at once."

And away he ran.

The Diddler prudently waited behind a hedge at a safe distance.

Without uttering a word Tinkie emptied the pail of its contents, and filled it to the brim with ill-smelling water from a neighboring ditch.

"What are you after?" cried Dick and Pickwick.

Returning no verbal answer, Tinkie ascended the ladder, pail in hand.

It was a tall ladder, and Tinkie, from his position, looked down at the man on the barn.

"Hold hard!" cried Dick; "there are some garden syringes close by; I'll fetch them," and off he ran, soon returning with two large ones.

He gave Pickwick one and kept the other for his own use.

"Now, Picky," he cried, "load your garden gun out of the ditch, and I'll give the word for action."

"All right," said Pickwick. "I'm ready."

"Fire!" shouted Dick, sending a shower of water out of the large syringe direct at Miffins's head.

Pickwick did the same.

Then Tinkie deliberately flung the contents of a second pail over the hapless Miffins.

"Oh, turn it up," shrieked the man, clinging to the roof, as though fearful of being washed off.

"Hand up more water," said Tinkie, flinging down the pail.

Another pail was handed up, and Miffins received the contents directly in his face, the force of which laid him flat on his back.

The humane Pickwick, after Mr. Miffins had been deluged with water, bade Tinkie desist, and as the three boys were rather tired of the fun by that time, Miffins was left on the roof to dry, and amuse himself as best he could.

He had been on the roof for some two or three hours, when to his delight he saw some one approaching.

But his pleasure was not of long duration. As the figure drew near he recognized the Diddler.

"Get along with you—get out!" he yelled; "I don't want no more to do with any of your lot."

"Don't be a fool—come as a friend—cold up there, old boy—help you down—half a jiffy!"

"Then do it, and don't jaw," cried Miffins, with a frown.

"Not for nothing—no go," said the Diddler. "What will you give—look sharp—got an appointment with a prince—can't stay."

"I'll give you a bob," said Miffins.

"Stingy fellow—give half-a-crown—go to roost—I'm off. Good-night," cried the Diddler, suiting the action to the word.

"Come back!" roared Miffins—"come back!"

The Diddler slowly retraced his steps.

"Well," he said, "what do you want—help you down—money first—that is my motto."

"I'll be even with you for this, my lad," cried Miffins, shaking his fist at him.

But reflecting that the game was in the Diddler's hands, he changed his mind. After a short discussion, the money demanded by the Diddler for Miffins's release was flung down to him.

Miffins looked on impatiently, while he bit the coin, and carefully deposited it in one of his numerous pockets.

"Now bring that ladder here," cried the man on the roof.

The Diddler walked across to the tree against which the ladder was reclining.

He took hold of it in a light and airy manner, but speedily found that he must exert his whole strength.

And even then it resisted his efforts.

"Very sorry," he said, looking up at Mr. Miffins; "too much work for the money—ladder heavy—too much work for the money—ladder heavy—appointment with the prince pressing—keep up your spirits, old man—think of me, and so on."

The Diddler went on his way, regardless of Mr. Miffins's threats of vengeance, and that worthy was again left on the tail roof to his own reflections.

"A good day's work," thought the Diddler, as he walked along, jingling the money in his pocket; "half-a-crown for winning race—three shillings on the feast—half-crown from Miffins—make my fortune—no time—old Belcher on his knees—lick my boots—like the flavor."

He glanced up the road, and saw Tuppy Tunstall coming toward him.

"Did you deliver my letter?" said the love-sick youth.

The Diddler nodded and said:

"Oh, yes! oh, yes. Dark house—rum old woman—slammed the door—snapped my nose off."

"Then there's no answer?" said Tuppy.

The Diddler looked very much confused for a moment.

Tuppy Tunstall had promised him sixpence, but that sum was to be doubled if a reply was given to his note.

"Answer?" said the Diddler; "oh, yes; couldn't come—but you go—back garden—to-morrow night—don't be rash—take it coolly—don't disappoint her."

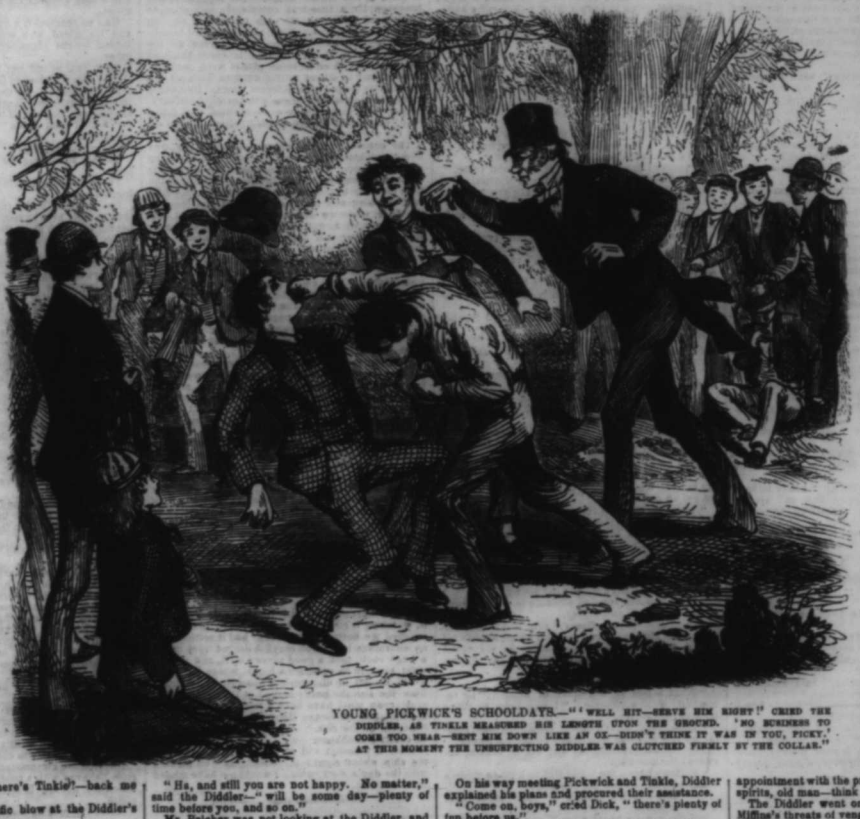
"I disappoint her!—never!" cried Tuppy Tunstall. "But there, Diddler, you cannot enter into my feelings; you have never loved."

The Diddler grinned as he pocketed Tuppy Tunstall's shilling.

"Half-past nine—don't forget—love calls—light in window," he said, with his usual rapidity.

"You can go, Diddler," observed simple Tuppy, who wished to move over the very flattering message he had received.

The Diddler lost no time in acquainting Dick and Pickwick with what had passed between himself and Tuppy.



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"'WELL HIT—SERVE HIM RIGHT!' CRIED THE DIDDLER, AS TINKLE MEASURED HIS LENGTH UPON THE GROUND. 'NO BUSINESS TO COME TOO NEAR—SENT HIM DOWN LIKE AN OX—DIDN'T THINK IT WAS IN YOU, PICKY.' AT THIS MOMENT THE UNSUSPECTING DIDDLER WAS CLUTCHED FIRMLY BY THE COLLAR."

"He, and still you are not happy. No matter," said the Diddler—"will be some day—plenty of time before you, and so on."

Mr. Belcher was not looking at the Diddler, and the Diddler was not looking at Mr. Belcher.

But the latter's hand was half closed, and seemed such an uncommonly convenient receptacle for money that, without a word passing on either side, the Diddler slipped a shilling piece therein.

The discreet old tollman turned his back to look up the road, nor withdrew his gaze until the Diddler had crossed a stile and was lost to sight.

"Ha! those boys! those boys!" said Belcher, going into his little house and filling his pipe for a little enjoyment in a quiet smoke.

All this had happened many times before, and Mr. Belcher had no personal objection that it should happen again.

The Diddler soon reached the town.

He sauntered through the streets with his hands in his pockets.

There was something delightful in the thought that he was where he had no right to be.

He passed before the portal of a large, dull-looking house, and gave a modest tap.

"What's your business?" asked the woman who answered the door.

"Note from Tuppy—mum" the word—Cupid's dart, love, and so on—keep it dark—I'm fly," cried the Diddler.

"Tuppy who?" asked the woman, adding, as she glanced at the note: "Oh, it's Mr. Tunstall you are speaking of. Be a little more respectful, if you please, boy."

The Diddler grinned.

He knew his clothes were thin and threadbare.

But this affected him as little as the woman's manner.

"Lovely creature—don't be cross—spoil your beauty—too bad—you are lovely," he exclaimed, as the woman slammed the door in his face.

On his way meeting Pickwick and Tinkie, Diddler explained his plans and procured their assistance.

"Come on, boys," cried Dick, "there's plenty of fun before us."

"What are you doing here?" cried old Miffins, as the boys, vaulting over a gate, advanced toward the barn.

"Can't you see for yourself?—we have come to see how's your sweet temper, Miffins," retorted Dick.

"You are trespassing, you young vagabonds," cried the man, "and if you don't hook it pretty quick I'll come down and tan your hides for you."

Notwithstanding this terrific threat the boys came on, shouting:

"Look out, Miffins."

The man left his work and advanced toward the ladder.

But it was too late.

The boys had carried it beyond his reach, and placed it against a neighboring tree.

He was tantalized by seeing it so near, and gave vent to some very improper language.

But he cooled down after a time, and sitting down on the roof of the barn, tried to resign himself to his fate.

"Now, my lads," he said, presently, looking particularly at Pickwick, "you are a-coming it rather too strong on a poor old man."

"Poor old man be bothered," cried Dick. "He was hard enough on us when he had the chance, and I don't see why we should let him off; he's an old tyrant."

"Well, if you sin't a-goin' to let me get down I'll give you something," cried Miffins.

"What will you give us?"

"That," cried Miffins.

A pellful of mortar came dangerously near Pickwick's head.

"The old savage!" cried Dick. "He might have killed you. We must serve him out for this."

"It isn't exactly right, you know, to deceive poor Tuppy," said Pickwick; "but it will be a jolly lark."

"Won't it?" returned Dick; "it will just serve him right. He thinks too much of himself and love for his age."

"Just my idea—why I did it—to do Tuppy good —he's looking queer, white as turnips—bad, very."

The Diddler did not think it necessary to mention the shilling, and Pickwick and his friends asked no questions.

"Hollos, Bob Fairfit!" cried Dick, as a merry, bright-eyed youngster approached; "are you up to a lark?"

"Try me," said Bob Fairfit, grinning from ear to ear. "I'm ready."

"Come, Diddler, tell your story," cried Pickwick, bringing him forward.

The Diddler did so.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Fairfit, rolling over on the grass, as the Diddler finished his narrative. "You are a treasure, Diddler; worth your weight in gold. Diddler, give us your hand."

"Now, attention," said Dick. "A select company will attend Tuppy Tunstall. We shall keep at a respectful distance, and allow him to fancy himself unobserved."

"He will flay the Diddler alive if he finds out the trick," said Pickwick.

"If he attempts skinning me alive," cried the Diddler, "object—tell him don't like it—try some one else—and so on."

"We must stand by the Diddler," cried Dick.

"The Diddler for ever!" shouted Bob Fairfit.

"Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you laughing at, Bob?" said a little man, who approached unobserved.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Bob again.

"Now, really, Bob," said Mr. Puckle, the usher, almost angrily, "you will have a fit some of these days if you don't mind what you are at."

"Capital joke," cried Bob, plucking Pickwick by the coat-arm; "don't you twig? Bobby Fairfit have a fit. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you I am not joking," said the usher, looking annoyed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob. "I hope you'll excuse me, sir, but I can't help it."

Mr. Puckle walked away.

"You will get in the wrong box one of these days," said Pickwick. "What possesses you to behave in such an extraordinary manner?"

"Wrong box," cried Bob. "Why should I? I won't be punished for laughing."

"Dick," began young Pickwick, "I have something to say."

"Well, out with it, old fellow, said his friend.

"Don't you think old Miffins must be tired of sitting on the roof of that barn?" said Pickwick.

"Very probably he is!" returned Dick.

"I know he is not a good man, but hadn't we better go back and help him down?" asked Pickwick.

"Certainly not! Miffins has got up in the world, so don't pull him down too soon," observed Dick.

Young Pickwick said no more.

He knew it was useless to argue with Dick Sancliff.

"Hallos, here's Joey the Snorter!" cried Bob Fairfit.

A red-nosed, shambling youth was seen sitting by the road-side.

This was one of Mr. Waddle's page boys.

He was wiping his eyes with a very small pocket-handkerchief.

"What's up now, Snorter?" said Pickwick, not without sympathy.

"Oh, nothing, Master Pickwick, nothing," returned Joey Snorter. "It is my lot in life to be misunderstood, that's all."

"Leave him alone," said Dick. "I hate to hear a fellow whine like a whipped cur, and always feel inclined to give him something to whine about."

"I forgive you, Master Sancliff," said Joey Snorter, blowing his nose with a noise like a trumpet on the small pocket-handkerchief. "We are told to forgive our enemies."

"Now look at that!" cried Dick, thrusting his fist in Joey Snorter's face. "How would you like to run your nose against it?"

The page threw back his head and began to blubber.

"Don't hit me!" he cried, from behind the pocket-handkerchief. "My nose could not stand a blow from your fist; it is a tender sort of nose, and I'm fond of it."

"He won't hurt you, snorter," said Pickwick.

"It's only his fun, so blow your nose."

"I will," returned Joey Snorter. "But do I look like a person as can take any fun?"

"You certainly do not," retorted Dick. "Oh, I say, Pickwick, I'm off; I can't stand Snorter."

"Put that dirty little rag in your pocket, Snorter," said Bob. "Why don't you try a good, hearty laugh?"

"Come along, boys. He couldn't laugh to save his life!" said Dick, taking Pickwick by the arm, and dragging him away.

They had reached the house, and were in the act of entering the playground by a small door in the wall, when they heard a great tumult within.

"Hark! what can be the matter?" cried Pickwick, looking at the others.

"The best thing we can do is to go and see. Off we go!" retorted Dick.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAUSE OF THE UPROAR.

TWO boys, Mossy Morton and Bully Mungal, were closeted together in a small out-house in the playground.

They were firm friends, for reasons best known to themselves.

No two boys could have presented a greater contrast.

Bully Mungal towered above Mossy Morton, who was an under-sized fellow with a pale face and red-brown eyes.

"Now we are free from interruption," said Bully Mungal. "All the other boys are enjoying this half-holiday in the country lanes, and I should have liked to be there, too, only you said you wanted me."

"I do want you," said Mossy Morton, with a sickly smile. "I want to speak about my cousin Dick and his chum, Pickwick."

"The old story," said Bully Mungal. "What beats me is that you always seem so friendly with them."

"I know what I am after," said Mossy Morton. "It suits my purpose to be on the best of terms with my rich uncle's only son."

"You know your own business best, of course," said Bully Mungal.

"What I want you to do is to act as my agent," said Mossy Morton. "You have got the swagger; now have you got the pluck?"

"If any one else had said that I should have knocked him down," cried Bully Mungal, with a fierce look.

"As you would me if it suited your purpose," said Mossy, quietly.

"Tell me why you lugged me into this hole," cried Bully Mungal.

"Well, then, to be plain, I want to push you forward, and if any one is suspected of an intention to injure them, it must be you."

Bully Mungal hesitated.

"I will do it for you, Mossy."

"On certain conditions," returned Mossy, with a sneer.

The blood mounted to Bully Mungal's face.

He felt a strong temptation to strike the pale-faced boy.

There was no love lost between the two. Mutual interest alone bound them together.

At this moment the door of the out-house was opened, and Mr. Waddle's odd boy appeared upon the scene.

"Hope I don't intrude, as the police officer said ven he came to a house to take a man in custody," said the odd boy, who bore the name of Tony Wilkins.

Here was an object for the Mungal to vent his spleen upon.

"What do you mean by interrupting the conversation of gentlemen with your vulgar jokes?" he cried, pulling the odd boy's large, red ear.

Mossy Morton smiled.

"That's right," he cried; "give it to the little beast."

"I mean to have his ear off," returned Mungal. "I am not going to have a lot of paltry spies hanging about me."

Still holding the odd boy by the ear, he banged his head against the wall.

The odd boy gave several loud cries.

"Help! help! help!"

"Stop his mouth," cried Mossy Morton. "We shall have old Waddle and all the school down on us directly. Stop his mouth."

"That's easier said than done," cried Bully Mungal.

"Let me go or I'll call murder this time," said the odd boy, and suddenly darting away from Mungal, he poked his head out of the window.

"Murder! murder!" he cried, in a loud voice.

"He has done for us," cried Mossy Morton, opening the door. "I'm off, Bully. Leave you to entertain our friends.

Before Mungal could recover from his astonishment the shed was crowded with boys.

Public opinion was evidently in the favor of the odd boy, who was bleeding from the nose.

"What are you up to? Couldn't you leave Tony alone?" cried Alfred Waddell.

And then all the boys began to take sides, some for the Tony, some for the Bully, and in a few minutes there was a free fight.

This was the noise which had startled Samuel Pickwick and his friends.

"What have you been doing to Tony?" cried Dick, pushing his way through the crowd and confronting Mongal.

"Find out," cried Bully Mongal, advancing on Dick, with hands tightly clinched.

"Cut your stick—Waddle coming—quick about it," said the Diddler, suddenly rushing in.

The boys hastily dispersed.

"Well, Dick," said his cousin Mossy, meeting him and taking his arm. "I hear that you have had a little misunderstanding with Mungal just now."

"The great brute was ill-treating Tony Wilkins," said Dick, with indignation. "I'm not afraid of the bully. We are going to have it out as soon as we get an opportunity."

"Vich was the very remark the dentist made to the old lady when she came to him with a hollow tooth," observed Tony, who had followed Dick.

"Be off and return to your duties, my lad," said Mossy Morton.

"Good-by for the present, Tony," observed Dick, giving him a pleasant smile; "I shall see you again soon. No one shall hurt you if I am by."

"Dick, how can you find pleasure in the company of such people?" said Mossy.

"Drop the subject, Mossy," returned Dick, with a laugh. "That is the one point on which we differ."

And, to change the conversation, he recounted how the Diddler had deceived the innocent Tuppy Tunstall.

Mossy was highly amused.

"What a fool he will make of himself!" he remarked, with a chuckle. "I like boys to make fools of themselves."

"Look, Dick, what's that?" cried Pickwick, coming up and pointing to a heavy column of smoke.

The Diddler, running up and out of breath, answered the question.

"Miffins's barn—fire! Old Miffins burn to cinders—make haste—off we go," he cried.

The conspirators looked at each other with blanched faces.

"Miffin will be burnt alive!" cried young Pickwick. "What can we do?"

"What's to be done, Diddler?" asked Dick.

"Done?" cried the Diddler; "keep it dark—can't be helped—very sorry—so on—poor old Miffins done to a cinder—so on."

"We have killed the poor fellow," said the timid Pickwick.

The Diddler sighed and shook his head.

His swivel eye twinkled a little, but this escaped the notice of Pickwick and his chums.

"You won't betray us, Diddler?" cried Pickwick.

"Say you won't, there's a good fellow."

"Betray you, dear boys, never!" returned the Diddler; "sooner die—honor bright—stick to my friends—faithful fellow—very—Diddler loves you all."

The Diddler stealthily rubbed his hands as he gazed at the anxious faces of the three boys, and then looked at his hand as though he expected to find something there.

He knew that the smoke came not from the barn where Miffins was left, but from a hayrick close by.

The information had been given to the Diddler by one of the farm hands who passed the school on his way to the scene of the disaster, but he thought to frighten his chums and so make a little money for himself.

[To be continued.]

A FREAK OF NATURE.

VAVAU, in the South Pacific, boasts of some magnificent caves, one of them being immortalized by Byron in his poem of "The Island"; but unfortunately the entrance to it is only attainable by diving five or six fathoms, with a very dangerous, rugged top, underneath the water. It is only those of undaunted courage and skill who would succeed in entering. Even the natives do not care to do it, though they are very fine swimmers and divers.

I have spoken to a gentleman in Tonga who once went down into this cave, and, from the description he gave me of what a glorious sight he saw, he must have been amply repaid for the risk he ran. For further particulars of the Robber's Cave, I must refer your readers to Byron's poem, or Mariner's work on the Tongan Islands.

There is another magnificent cave, and it is easily entered by a boat. It is situated on an island close to the beach; in fact, the same island as the cave above-mentioned. I started one beautiful morning about nine o'clock, accompanied by a resident of Vavau and two of the ship's crew, fishing, and with the express understanding we were to have lunch in the cave. After very fair success with the line, we up anchor and started for the cave, with a nice little breeze. I need scarcely say that our appetites were in pretty good order, as we had had nothing to eat since eight A.M., and it was then 2.30 P.M.; but with prospects of a substantial lunch, and the place we were to have it in, were perfectly happy and contented.

The entrance to this cave is about thirty feet in height and twenty feet in width. The wind being free, we sailed right in, and with the way the boat had we shot in a considerable distance. Never will I forget the sudden calm which prevailed so soon as the boat had stopped. Everything was as silent as the grave. I for one was completely awed—stunned, as it were. I noticed that none of us spoke for a few minutes, so entranced and amazed were we, so sudden was the change from the bright, clear day outside to the awful, supernatural calm which reigned in this fairies' home. The thought of our luncheon for a time was completely forgotten, so enraptured were we all with the scene around, above, and below us. High above the roof beautiful stalactites, like huge icicles, showing all the colors of the rainbow, cast their fantastic shadows on the walls, which in some places were perfectly smooth, and in others jutting out into the most extraordinary shapes from different views. One could almost fashion some of them into beautiful statuary. So perfectly natural were some of them, that I had to go quite close before I could believe they were not the work of man.

The chamber we had entered, I should say, was about one hundred feet in diameter, and nearly as possible round. At the end opposite the entrance is an opening leading into the interior. We rowed the boat close up to this and landed. After some difficult climbing and hanging on, we at last reached the floor, when we struck out exploring; but, unfortunately, we forgot to bring torches—a sad oversight. I never saw darkness like it before. We continued groping and feeling our way for about fifty yards, constantly lighting ten or twelve matches at a time, but which only served to make the darkness visible. You could positively feel it, so intensely black was it. The hollow, reverberating sound, far above us, of the water, as it gently rose and fell in some far-away cavern, quite unnerved us. It is utterly beyond my power to describe the awe I felt in this dark, dreary, weird chamber of this unearthly cave.

We retraced our steps, and we were soon out in the light, much to our relief. I picked up a handful of what the floor was composed of, and on bringing it into the light found it was very fine brown powder, quite as fine as flour. At every step we sank a foot in it. To my thinking, it resembles very finely pulverized guano. We saw lots of birds flying about, now emerging, now disappearing into some dark cavity, the noise of their wings could be distinctly heard. Quite thirty feet below us lay our boat, perfectly motionless, floating on the calm, pellucid water; while far below, the bottom could be seen as distinctly as if the depth were only a few feet, the water was so unusually clear. This depth was fully twenty fathoms; till measured, no one could believe it was more than three at the most.

After descending and getting into our boat, we set to work at our modest repast, to which you may be sure we did ample justice. It was by this time getting toward nightfall, so we prepared to make a start for the ship.

Before starting we filled an ale-bottle and sank it, watching it circling round and round till it finally reached the bottom. No sooner had it settled than an enormous lobster or crayfish darted from under a huge rock, took a good survey of it, and quietly went back to its submarine home, where for years it will be left in undisturbed possession. Judging from the size the bottle looked at the bottom, this crustacean must have been a terrible creature, reminding one of Victor Hugh's "devil fish," in his "Toilers of the Sea." We saw many other fish of all colors and shapes.

After a pleasant sail of two hours, we reached the ship about eight P.M., thoroughly well pleased with the day's work, which I would not have missed for something.

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA;

Or,

The Daring Adventures of Two Brave Boys.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

CHAPTER XI.

ALONE.

WHEN Will discharged his pistol at the fierce animal in front of him, as he sprang from the broken part of the raft, the creature made a downward movement to thrust its tusks into his stomach.

This movement caused the pistol-ball to pass through the upper part of the animal's mouth, disabling him, and yet not preventing his continuing the combat.

The boy avoided the creature's tusks by a spring to one side, which, however, caused him to stumble and fall into the shrubbery.

In a moment, ere he could rise, the fierce brute was rushing toward him.

The youth got upon his knees and grasped it by the throat with both hands.

A desperate struggle followed.

Boy and beast rolled over together, the latter biting at his opponent, and Will, who had now been forced to let go of the creature's throat, dealing it fierce blows upon the head with the butt of his heavy pistol.

Had not the animal's mouth been injured, it would have fared hard with the boy.

The boar, unable to freely use its lungs, snapped at him, and endeavored to fasten its lower teeth in his flesh.

This it would finally have succeeded in doing had not its adversary bethought him of the dagger which Marina had placed in one of the feed-sacks, and which Brian had insisted on Will's retaining for his own use.

Drawing the weapon, Will plunged it into the neck of the boar.

The animal half rose and threw itself upon him, hurling him down on his back.

Its fangs were descending toward his throat, when he drove his knife upward into the side of the beast, which now fell backward, quivering as if in a spasm.

Will, deeming the fray at an end, was about to rise, when, as if suddenly endowed with new life, the boar caught at his jacket and rolled quickly over.

He endeavored to disengage himself, and, in the struggle which ensued, the animal dropped into the water, dragging him with it.

It held on to the youth as it was swept along with him by the rapid current.

A minute later it sank beneath the surface, drawing the lad after it.

Will endeavored to free himself from the drowning brute, but for several moments he feared that he would not be successful.

At last, by a desperate effort, when half suffocated, he wrenched himself from it, leaving a portion of his sheepskin garb in its teeth.

Thus freed from the animal, he struck out for the bank, but the current was so strong that it carried him a long distance ere he succeeded in gaining the shore.

He had reached it a quarter of an hour sooner he and his friend, who was now some yards away, hidden by the shrubbery, would have seen each other.

As it was, he did not know in what direction he should now proceed to look for Brian.

As he walked along the bank, glancing from right to left, he suddenly fancied he heard a rustling in the bushes. He turned in the direction of the noise.

"Is that you, Brian?" he called, as the rustling continued.

There was no reply.

Quickly advancing, he peered through the shrubbery.

Three Zunguse warriors then started up and confronted him.

Ere he could make the least preparation to defend himself he was seized, and his hands fastened behind him with stout thongs of deer-hide.

The chief, who was one of the men, scowled upon him.

"Think escape Zunguse, but not can do it. Zunguse eye like eagle, and his horse go like wind!"

The boy made no reply.

He was led to a spot where stood three horses, on one of which he was placed.

A warrior then mounted in front of him, and to this person he was fastened by the same kind of thongs with which his wrists had been secured.

"You are very careful," cried Will, sarcastically. "Do you suppose I could escape three of you, even if I were not fastened in this way to one of your men?"

To this remark the leader made no response.

A few minutes' consultation was held, and then the chief, with one of the men, rode off, while the one to whom Will was tied proceeded in the opposite direction.

"Suppose you unfasten me?" said Will. "You are armed and I am not, except with this pistol in my belt, which is too wet to be of any service to me at present."

But the Zunguse turned and looked at the speaker with a scowling twinkle in his long, oval eyes.

"You behind, me in front. Must think Zunguse fool to unfasten."

"Where are we going? Back to the *yourt*?"

"Yes."

They rode on until dark in silence.

Will had taken a greater dislike to this person than to any of the others he had seen, and he felt no disposition to converse with him.

The look of low cunning, the absence of anything frank or honest in the expression of the man's face, was extremely repugnant to him.

The night was dark, and the wind whistled dismally through the arches of the forest, which the riders had now reached.

"How much further have we to go?" said Will, at last.

As he spoke there was a flash close to them, followed by the sharp report of a gun.

The horse neighed, reared wildly, and then away he went, speeding swiftly along, heedless of all the efforts of his master to check his headlong career.

Under these circumstances the experienced Zunguse behaved with a coolness and presence of mind which did not fail to excite the admiration of the youth.

Instead of making frantic efforts to stop the horse, he now sat erect and nearly motionless in his seat, giving the animal rein, and occasionally uttering a few quiet, soothing words.

Ere long this behavior seemed to tell upon the steed. His pace became slower as he ascended a steep path, when all at once he gave one tremendous leap, the clattering of his hoofs was heard as they struck a rock, and he became motionless.

The Zunguse gave utterance to a strange cry. Through the gloom Will fancied he could perceive that the horse was standing on the brink of a deep chasm.

The moon emerging soon after from behind a cloud, showed him that such was indeed the case—only the chasm, instead of being merely on one end of the rocky platform, was around it on all sides.

In fact, the rock upon which the horse now stood was one of those which flattened on the top, which are seen throughout the chain of elevations that branch off from the Tshlomof Mountains.

It seemed to rise from a pit or extinct crater, about nine feet in width on every side, and so deep that, looking down into it from the horse, Will saw nothing but darkness, except to the distance of a few fathoms, where the sides of the chasm were lighted by the moon.

"Zunguse," cried the boy, "we must leave this place, or it will be all up with us in a few moments."

"No one can leave," answered the man.

"Why?"

The native pointed to the steed, which was covered with blood.

"You mean your horse is too tired to take the leap?"

"Never take more leap. Horse going to die. Blood come from breast; him shot by Chuckchee."

"The person who fired was then a Chuckchee?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"No other fire at Zungusse."

"Well, what are we going to do? You must understan one, and we must get off the horse before it falls over into the chasm."

"No!"

"What do you mean?"

"I die with horse, and I drag you with me."

"Pool!" cried Will. "What is the use of perishing when we can save ourselves?"

"No can save. If we move, horse move too, and no step from jump in hole," said the man, pointing to the chasm.

"Could you not prevent that?"

"No; if horse take three steps he go over into pit."

This seemed very probable to the boy, as he surveyed the frightfully narrow limits of the rocky platform on which stood the horse.

It did not cover an area of two square yards on any side!

Meanwhile the steed, as if understanding its perilous situation, stood as motionless as a statue, except a slight trembling or continuous shudder, that agitated its whole frame.

"Lama (priest) wise man!" continued the native, in a loud, solemn voice. "He say when horse die me die too, and so it will be!"

"Is there not strength enough left in the horse for him to spring back to the height across the chasm?"

"No."

"I think you may be mistaken," said Will. "Better try it."

"No," was the gloomy answer. "Zungusse and horse will die. No can save, now!"

All the way along, since his capture, the boy had been working at the thongs about his wrists. The bonds were very secure, owing, probably, to the hurried manner in which they had been fastened, and the prisoner had therefore succeeded in partially loosening them.

Rendered desperate by his situation, he now gave a powerful tug, and succeeded in entirely freeing his wrists.

Unseen by the Zungusse, he quickly drew his knife, for the purpose of freeing himself from his companion by severing the thongs that held him to that person.

Just then, however, the wounded steed staggered, and reeled sideways, preparatory to falling into the chasm.

The Zungusse uttered a yell, and waved his arms about his head.

With one blow of his knife Will severed the cord that held him to that person, and sprang from the horse. But as the latter was tottering over into the yawning pit the man made a grasp at the boy and caught him by the collar.

Will struck his wrist, but the native still held on, and drew the youth after him as he and the steed were about to descend into the chasm.

The boy made a frantic clutch at a short, rocky spur on the edge of the platform, instinctively throwing both arms about it, as he felt himself being dragged down.

There rose, at the same time, one wild, prolonged neigh from the terrified horse, as its body clove the dark depths in its fearful descent.

But the Zungusse did not yet follow it.

As if greedy to secure a victim to share his fate, he still held on to the youth, with his arm around his waist, and his feet against the steep side of the chasm.

"For God's sake, let go of me!" cried Will, terrified at his situation, "or else draw yourself up to the platform and let me down!"

The man, as if he thought it best to take this advice, now endeavored to clamber up over the youth.

But after a few desperate efforts his strength gave way, and his legs, which, like those of most of his people, were not very strong, slipped down, and he hung like a dead weight to the boy.

"Hoo! hoo!" he yelled. "You go with me. Me no go alone."

Will, who was holding on to the rock with might and main, felt his muscles fairly creaking with the strain upon them, and knew that he must soon let go his hold.

With that heavy weight hanging to him, he could make no effort to gain the rocky platform.

The native, with devilish persistence, still clung to him, tugging at him to cause him to let go of the rock.

"God help me, I am gone!" gasped the boy, closing his eyes, as he felt that he could no longer bear the tremendous strain upon his arms.

But at that critical moment his feet found slight support in a crevice in the rocky wall, which would enable him to retain his clasp of the rock a little longer.

"No, no! you no escape!" yelled the Zungusse. "Come! come with me!"

And he made a downward sort of jerk to draw the youth from his hold.

His arms, which were stronger, perhaps, than any other part of his frame, were still closely pressed about the waist of the boy.

Had it not been for the fact that he was short and slender, his weight must have dragged the other from his position before now.

"When me fall, you fall too," he cried, exultingly, as Will calmly endeavored to shake him off.

"Devil!" cried the other, turning his head and glaring into the long, evil eyes of the native; "you seem determined that I shall share your fate."

"You go where Zungusse go," was the reply.

The boy still held his knife in his right hand, and he now resolved to rid himself of his "incubus" in the only way which seemed to offer itself.

Clasping the rock firmly with his left hand, he drove the point of his knife deep into the arm of the Zungusse.

The sudden sharp pain of the wound caused the man to cry out, but he did not let go his hold.

Again Will drove the knife into his arm.

It must have struck a nerve this time, for the native, with a fearful yell, relaxed his grasp of the youth. He endeavored to regain it, but another stab prevented him, and, with a loud cry, more of baffled rage than of fear, he let go and descended like a shot into the dark depths of the cavern.

Will had well-nigh followed him.

His one left arm clasping the rocky spur was now so numb that it seemed as if there was no power left in the limb.

As it was slipping off the spur, however, he contrived to grasp the rocky projection with his other hand, and then he drew himself up on the cliff.

But he was so exhausted with his protracted efforts and the intense excitement he had experienced that he sank down on the platform, swooning from sheer fatigue. When he regained his senses, the moon was low and dawn was near.

He rose to a sitting position and rubbed his eyes. His mind was at first confused.

Gradually, however, the recollection of past events rushed upon his mind, and he congratulated himself on his narrow escape.

Rising, he now took a survey of his position.

The width of the chasm was too great for him to leap over.

On every side it was at least nine feet.

What was he to do?

Nothing but remain where he was, and trust to his being rescued by some wandering party of Chuckchees or Esquimaux.

It was a gloomy, desolate spot, rendered all the more so in appearance by the dim, gray light of dawn, which was already stealing over the scene.

Ragged hills and rocks rose around him on every side, crowned with pines or stunted cedars.

The sharp, jagged points of the rocks projected out in many fantastic shapes here and there, bearing a resemblance to the arms of smouth animals or demons.

Meanwhile, through the cedars and the pines the rustling wind occasionally swept, bearing with it a chill, which betokened that the early Siberian Winter was not far off.

As the boy looked around him he felt his heart sink.

"How can I ever escape from this place?" he soliloquized. "Even the natives do not often come this way. It was only the fright of the Zungusse's horse that carried it in this direction. And Brian—where is he?"

The boy now examined his pistol, and also the pouch of ammunition which he carried.

He was glad to find these in good condition.

Some stray bird or animal might alight upon the rock and serve him for food, which, otherwise, he saw no chance of obtaining.

Bending over the edge of the chasm, as the light increased, he looked down into it.

He could not see the bottom, but he noticed that a few fathoms from the top the sides of the rocky pit contained fissures, protruding shelves and ledges, on some of which a dwarfish bush or two had taken root in the little soil which had there accumulated.

"If I could only reach the bottom of the pit I might find a way out," he muttered. "There may be a tunnel or cave there, leading out of the chasm.

The idea took firm possession of his mind, but he could think of no way of reaching the bottom of the pit for exploration.

He soon began to feel the pangs of hunger.

His provision was gone. He had nothing to eat.

For hours he sat on the rock, watching a flock of birds which hovered screaming above his head.

Occasionally two or three of them would wheel toward the elevation, as if about to alight upon it.

But when the boy thought they would do so, and was preparing for a shot, they would fly off in some other direction.

At last they flew over the tree-tops, and gradually disappeared from his sight in the far distance.

"If anything had only appeared," he muttered, disconsolately, as he sat down on the rocky platform with his legs dangling over the chasm. "I am half-starved."

As he spoke he heard in the distance that howling which, of late, had become familiar to his ears—the noise made by wolves.

"I am hungry enough to eat a wolf," he said to himself.

The howling came every moment nearer.

A sudden thought flashed upon the mind of the boy.

"They scent the blood of the Zungusse's horse, which was wounded, and they may track it here," he said, mentally.

The idea had scarcely entered his mind when through an opening among the pines he beheld a dark, moving mass upon a height, over which it had just passed, and which it was now descending.

A keener inspection showed him that the mass consisted of a number of forms—a whole legion, as it seemed to the boy.

"Ay, here they come! They are wolves!" he cried, as he sprang to his feet.

CHAPTER XII.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

WOLVES and bears abound in Siberia, especially in that part of the country where Will now found himself.

The boy had journeyed with his friend so far to the south as to know that he was in the vicinity of the Yablonnoi Mountains, upon a detached peak of which he stood.

The wolves which he saw had ascended a distant elevation, and were visible to him only for a few minutes, before they were on his right as they descended the side of the mountain.

Soon, however, they reappeared, crossing another peak much nearer to the position occupied by the boy.

The latter carefully examined his pistol, and also the ammunition in his pouch, which contained enough, he thought, to afford him twenty or thirty charges.

His pistol was a long, double-barreled one, carrying a large bullet for a weapon of that kind, and he had little fear of the approaching brutes while he had the means of loading it.

As he stood awaiting their approach he suddenly heard a sort of bleating cry, followed by a screaming noise and the light pattering of feet.

The next moment a reindeer, with long, branching horns, appeared in hasty flight on the summit of the hill opposite to him.

On seeing the boy the creature, which had been about to spring to the rocky platform he occupied, paused abruptly, and fixed its wild, but soft eyes upon him, as undecided whether to make the leap or turn and speed off in some other direction.

"There is good meat in that fellow," thought Will, half raising his piece.

But he lowered it as he remembered that he had no other means of securing the animal's carcass after he should kill it.

The deer had probably been tamed at some period or other, for a piece of rope about fifteen feet long, which had probably been used as a rein when the animal was harnessed to his master's sleigh, dangled from his neck.

All at once, as if deciding that Will would not harm him, the creature, hearing the howls of the wolves, now not far behind him, made a light bound, which cleared it easily across the chasm.

On the platform it paused, and actually looked up in the boy's face, as if claiming his protection.

The youth could not resist the appeal.

He patted it on its beautiful neck, and as he detached the rope, which he thought might be of use, he resolved not to shoot the animal.

Meanwhile the voices of the wolves kept drawing nearer, and soon the boy beheld them coming up the hill.

There were not less than twenty in all.

One, which seemed to be the leader of the pack, was tall and gaunt, with a large head, and fangs of great length.

"I am afraid we will have a hard time, my friend," said Will, again patting the deer, while he spoke to it as if it was a human being. "Those fellows may prove too much for us."

The leader of the wolves gained the edge of the chasm and paused, while its companions crowded up close behind it, all uttering fierce howls, and showing their red tongues and long fangs.

Their gaze was fastened more frequently upon the deer than the boy, and the poor animal shook on its slender legs, as if it would fall from sheer fright.

Will continued to stroke it reassuringly with his left hand, while with the other he pointed his pistol toward the wolves, ready to fire the moment any of them should show a disposition to leap the chasm.

But for some time they seemed reluctant to make the attempt.

They howled, snapped their teeth and continued to crowd close together, while their eyes fairly blazed in their sockets with the fierce craving for the food so near them.

Suddenly the leader uttered a short, sharp growl, and undertook the leap.

Will's pistol rang out sharply at the same moment, and the fierce beast, turning over in the air, fell headlong into the chasm as a bullet penetrated its skull.

Another of the brutes, which had closely followed, gained the rocky platform, but Will put his pistol to its head, as it was about to spring at his throat, and shot it through the brain.

The others, as if rendered cautious by these summary proceedings, did not attempt the leap, and, taking advantage of this, the boy quickly reloaded his weapon.

The wolves were now running to and fro, uttering the most horrid cries, and snapping spitefully at the youth opposite to them.

All at once there was a succession of short, sharp barks amongst them, as if they were consulting together, after their own fashion.

This continued for a few minutes, and then four of them, as many as could crowd upon the edge of the elevation, ranged themselves in line, and sprang simultaneously for the rocky platform.

Again the pistol was discharged, two reports following in rapid succession, and down went two of the wolves into the chasm, shot through the head—one ere it arrived on the rock, and the other just as it landed upon it.

As there had been four, two succeeded in gaining a footing.

One sprang at the deer, and its companion at the throat of the boy.

Of course, the latter now had not time to reload.

As the fierce beast came toward him, he dropped his pistol, drew his knife, and at the same time stepping quickly back, buried the blade to the hilt in the creature's heart.

The wolf, however, even as it fell, caught at his sheepskin robe with its teeth.

Another blow with the knife loosened its grasp, and with a vigorous kick the boy sent the dying beast over the edge of the rock into the chasm.

The deer, the moment it saw its fierce enemy coming, had bounded across the chasm to a sharp, pointed peak opposite, on the right, and there it stood, tremblingly watching the brute, which hesitated to take the leap, as the rocky point occupied by the timid creature was higher than the position it had left, and, possibly, beyond reach of the wolf, which was not so agile as the animal it was so eager to devour.

This hesitation on the part of the fierce beast gave Will an opportunity to attack it to advantage the moment he was rid of his other antagonist.

He drove his blade to the hilt in the side of the brute, and, as it turned toward him, dealt it such a kick that it met with the same fate as the others—tumbling headlong into the chasm.

Thus the boy was again at liberty to load; for, on perceiving the loss of their late companions, the remaining wolves, as if they had been human beings, again held a consultation—or, at any rate, what had the appearance of being one.

The deer still remained on the opposite ledge; in fact, as this point was bordered by another chasm too wide for it to leap over, it could go no further.

Will watched the wolves keenly.

Ere long ten of them gathered near the edge of the chasm, forming lines of three—that is, three abreast—and the boy could now easily divine what was going to be done.

The whole ten wolves were about to spring across the chasm, following in parties of three, as that there would be enough on the platform to overpower the boy, who could only fire two shots at a time.

Even in his present perilous situation he could not help admiring the sagacity of the wolves, and he realized that, should he wait for them to come all at once in the way they meditated, he would not have the slightest chance for his life.

And yet what could he do but wait?

A chasm was around him on every side too wide for him to leap over.

A shudder convulsed his frame when the wolves snapped their fangs and licked their jaws, as if in anticipation of the feast which they now seemed sure of obtaining.

At that dreaded moment his gaze fell upon the rope, which, as stated, he had slipped off the neck of the deer, when it first came.

A sudden, happy thought flashed like lightning upon his mind.

He thrust his pistol in his belt, quickly tied one end of the rope to the rocky spur which has been mentioned, and allowed the other end to hang down into the chasm.

About twelve feet below, on the rocky side of the pit, there was a projecting shelf of rock, which would afford him good support.

Could he reach this in time, he would be safe enough from the wolves, which, of course could not descend the rope.

As if divining his intention, the three foremost brutes now crouched for a spring.

The boy caught the rope at the same moment and began to descend.

But he had not gone more than six feet when he heard above him the growls of the pack, which had now sprung upon the rocky platform he had left.

Looking up, he saw two of them with their necks thrust over the edge of the rock, gazing down upon him.

But he could now, he thought, afford to laugh at the brutes, which were uttering the most dismal howls at the loss of the intended victim who had so unexpectedly escaped their clutches.

Down went Will, lower and lower.

The angry wolves caught at the rope above, and commenced to gnaw at it, savagely.

The moment they should gnaw it through, Will, unless by that time upon the ledge below, would be precipitated into the dark depths of the abyss!

It was a trying situation.

The boy quickened his movements.

The rope snapped as if the strands were already about to give way, and at last, as the boy looked up, to see some of the severed parts of these strands going round and round, and noticed that only one more was left, he believed that his fate was sealed.

By this time he was within about five feet of the ledge beneath him, but he could not drop upon it, for it was too narrow to hold him if he should reach it in that manner.

Ere he could recover his balance after his feet struck it, he would be thrown from his position."

He closed his eyes, and allowed the rope to slide through his hands.

A moment later and down he went, as the rope parted.

Fortunately, he was now but two feet from the welcome ledge, upon which he safely landed.

He held on to the rope, which the teeth of the wolves had reduced in length to twelve feet.

Again looking up, he saw the fierce brutes gazing down at him, but he felt no fear of them, as he was well out of their reach.

For a long time they remained on the rocky platform, howling and barking, but at last these noises ceased, and the boy knew that they were gone.

But now a new difficulty presented itself.

How was he to get out of the chasm?—to reach the rocky platform above?

The wolves had gnawed the rope, reducing its length, so that there was no means of his forming a hitch and flinging it up about the spur around which it had previously been fastened.

He closely scrutinized the wall, looking for some projection lower down, about which he might throw the rope, but he looked in vain.

From the spur above to where he stood the side of the rock was nearly smooth.

For a few moments a feeling of dismay took possession of him.

How was he to ever leave the chasm?

Having gazed above, he now looked below.

There he was glad to perceive that the nature of the rock differed.

As far as he could see, he beheld numerous projections.

He must, therefore, *descend* instead of *mounting!*

This the rope would enable him to do easily.

At the bottom of the pit he would perhaps find some way of exit from the gloomy chasm; if not, his situation could be no worse than it was at present.

Fastening one end of the rope to the ledge on which he stood, the boy now commenced his descent.

From ledge to ledge he went, freeing the rope whenever he gained one of these protuberances by working at it until he had succeeded in dislodging the noose from the spur above him.

In this manner he succeeded in accomplishing the full descent of two hundred feet.

The bottom of the ravine was very dark, but the boy lighted a match and applied it to a piece of the rope which he had cut off, thus making a torch.

By the lurid glare he saw the ground, which was damp and covered with strange-looking plants.

He saw something else which made him shudder—the mangled remains of the Zungusse and his horse, and also of the wolves.

Turning away from these, he scanned the base of the rock, but could discover no cave or opening in it.

There was, however, the narrow, crooked passage between the two elevations forming the chasm, and not far off the boy heard the trickling of water.

He advanced into the gorge, and soon perceived a small rivulet.

Hoping that by following the course of this little stream he would come upon some outlet from the place, he moved on.

He was, however, doomed to disappointment, for the rivulet entered a small opening at the base of a rocky wall which, rising abruptly before him, barred his further progress.

He sat down and reflected.

Unless he contrived some way to free himself from his present predicament, he would certainly perish in a few days.

The gorge was damp, gloomy and dismal.

He could obtain no food here, and the exhalations from the low swampy plants that grew in this narrow retreat were oppressive and sickening.

At length he arose, and, going to the spot where lay the dead body of the Zungusse, he found near it a coil of small rope which he had previously noticed at the man's saddle-bow.

With this attached to the piece of rope already in his possession he resolved to attempt the ascent of the rocky platform he had left.

It was a difficult task, but he must undertake it.

Fastening one end of the coil about his waist, he commenced to mount the steep wall.

He had made a noose at one end of the rope, and, getting upon the first place which afforded a foothold, he threw the noose upward in such a way that it caught upon the next projection.

Climbing hand over hand to it, he loosened the noose from it, and threw it up over the projection above. In this manner he kept ascending.

Each projecting point was near enough to the other to enable him to do so without much difficulty. Nevertheless, the exertion of climbing was hard work in his present weakened condition, and hours elapsed ere he succeeded in gaining the top of the height.

When he arrived there, he was so exhausted that he was obliged to lie down to rest.

Meanwhile he noticed that the reindeer still occupied the elevation to which it had sprung to escape the wolves.

The howling of these creatures could still be heard at no great distance, and the poor brute was evidently afraid, on that account, to leave its position.

As Will gazed upon the animal, the thought of using it as a means to leave the rocky platform suddenly occurred to him.

The reindeer is both strong and supple, and capable of leaping a long distance.

But whether it was strong enough to bear his weight, and with him upon it to leap the chasm, was a question which the boy long debated ere he concluded to trust himself to the back of the animal and make the attempt.

At length he arose and endeavored to coax the deer to his side.

For some time it resisted his appeals, but at last

it sprang upon the platform, looking up into his face with a startled expression, as if to ascertain whether he intended to harm or shoot it.

Will patted it on the neck, and then placed himself on its back.

Unused to this, the deer plunged its head from side to side, and for a long time refused to budge.

Finally, by dint of coaxing and shouting, it was impelled to make the leap.

Drawing itself backward, it gathered up all its powers, pricked up its ears, and then, with a sort of winnowing noise, away it went, leaping from the edge of the chasm.

For a moment, as he went flying through the air, the daring boy felt a shudder of fear convulse his frame. What if the animal should fail to get over the distance!

Certain death—a horrible death, must then be the fate of the venturesome rider. But the deer safely reached the top of the opposite rock, crossing the space of nine feet with an ease that excited Will's admiration.

He dismounted, and was about to pat the creature upon the neck, when the poor brute, evidently disgusted with the "horsey" treatment it had just received, darted off and plunged down the hill, soon disappearing from the boy's sight.

"He is gone," said Will to himself, "and with him went good meat, although I doubt if I could have persuaded myself to shoot him, after the great service he has rendered me."

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA.—"CLASPING THE ROCK WITH HIS LEFT HAND, HE DROVE THE POINT OF HIS KNIFE DEEP INTO THE ARM OF THE ZUNGUSE."—SEE PAGE 326.

Both weary and hungry, he ascended the hill, and with his loaded pistol in readiness looked about him for game.

But he looked in vain.

Exhausted with his fruitless search, he finally threw himself down in a grove of cedars by the bank of a wide stream.

There he lay, listlessly watching the clear, gliding waters, until something in them caused him to suddenly spring up.

That which he saw was a large salmon—a species of fish with which the Siberian rivers and streams abound.

The sight of the creature put new strength in the frame of the hungry boy.

There it was—a tempting feast, indeed—sailing along beneath the surface, moving its fins in a leisurely manner.

Nor was it the only one there of its kind, for the waters were soon fairly alive with those palatable fishes.

Will leaned over, his drawn knife in his hand.

This he drove quickly through the body of one of the fishes, and at the same time seizing it with his other hand, he threw it upon the bank.

He soon dispatched it with the knife, and after preparing it, he proceeded to gather some dry branches and moss with which to make a fire.

The fire was soon made, and the fish was placed on a flat stone over it to roast.

Never did epicure enjoy a meal with half the relish of the lad when the fish was ready and he began to partake of it.

He had soon devoured every particle, after which he slaked his thirst at a neighboring rill.

An hour's rest so refreshed him that he felt himself able to continue his journey.

He walked on, looking about him for game as he proceeded, but he had not gone far when he heard the tramp of horses.

He drew back toward a pile of rocks some yards behind him, where he hoped to be able to conceal himself, but ere he could do so the horsemen came in sight, not twenty feet ahead of him.

Will at once perceived that they were the chief of the Zunguzians and half a dozen of his men.

They covered him with their pistols as they advanced, and perceiving that resistance was useless, the boy waited for them to come up.

"Where from?" cried the chief, in surprise.

"Your man fell down a precipice," replied Will, "and was killed. As I did not care to go with him, I cut loose from him."

It was evident that the chief did not believe this story.

He looked hard at the speaker, and said:

"Me no think tell true. You been kill Zunguse! How you get hands loose when tied?"

"By working at them," replied Will.

"Take me where kill Zunguse?"

"I did *not* kill him, as you imagine. He lies dead at the bottom of a precipice; but I don't think I could find the place."

The chief said something to his men, who now surrounded the boy.

His hands were this time secured so that he could not free them, and his pistol and knife were taken from him.

Guarded by the whole party, he was then, after having been placed behind one of the mounted men, conducted to the yourt, which was reached in a few hours by hard riding.

Will looked about him for Marina, but he could see nothing of the girl.

He was taken to a rude hut and thrust unceremoniously into it, after which his feet were also tied.

When left alone he peered around him, but so intense was the gloom, for it was now night, that for several minutes he could see nothing.

All at once he fancied he heard the heavy breathing of some person near him.

"Who is that?" he inquired.

There was no answer.

He repeated the question.

Still there was no reply.

Again he spoke, louder than before.

"Hello! Who's that?" came the familiar voice of Brian, who had been awakened from deep sleep.

"Brian!"

"Will!"

Forgetting for the moment that their limbs were tied, both boys made a leap toward each other, and their heads came in contact with a loud crack.

"Thunder!" cried Will.

"By George!" said Brian. "I believe you have cracked my skull."

Then they burst out laughing.

"I forgot I was tied," said Will, "and wanted to shake hands with you."

"We have shaken heads, at any rate," said Brian. "And now, my dear boy, do tell me what happened to you after you met that bear."

Will did this as briefly as possible.

"Wish I had been with you to help you," said Brian; "but while I was looking for you after we separated I was pounced upon and captured."

"Have you seen Marina since you were brought here?"

"No; I don't believe they have yet found her."

"What! has she gone off?"

"Yes, her lover has been looking for us. He came, it seems, to the conclusion that she had eloped with me, or something of that sort."

"What do you think they mean to do with us?"

"Don't know. Hope they will not keep us long doubled up in this way."

The two friends remained up half the night talking together.

At dawn some food was brought to them, and their hands were untied while they partook of it.

After that they were again mounted, each behind a horseman, and with the chief and half a dozen of his men to guard the prisoners, the party started off in a southwesterly direction.

The journey they made occupied several days.

At length they passed in sight of a town.

"What place is that?" inquired Brian.

"Nerchinsk," was the reply.

"Where, then, are you taking us to?" Will asked of the chief.

"Me think you both escaped exiles or convicts."

AT BAY.—"I SNATCHED THE POKER FROM THE FIRE, AND THRUST THE TONGS INTO THE HOTTEST PLACE. AND THEN, ARMED WITH THE IRON AT WHITE HEAT, I PROCEEDED TO WOLF NUMBER ONE. AS THE MONSTER OPENED HIS HORRIBLE JAWS, I THRUST THE POKER IN HIS THROAT."—SEE PAGE 330.

was the cheering reply. "Me take you to the mines."

"To the mines!" echoed the boys, simultaneously.

"Yes, and you have to work. Me get reward for bringing you."

The boys exchanged gratified glances.

The moment they were brought before the overseer of the mines they doubted not that they would find in him a person sufficiently intelligent to hear the explanation which they meant to give, and to understand that they were neither convicts nor exiles.

The party kept on until at last they arrived near a wide valley, bordered on each side by rising elevations of ground and rocks, and watered by a river.

There they saw, in the distance, numbers of miserable-looking creatures at work.

But they only obtained a glimpse of these people, who were the miners, as they rode on past the valley.

At last they halted near the small house close to some long, low, wooden buildings, which were evidently the barracks where the miners lodged when their weary day's toil was over.

The door opened as they halted, and a stout, portly personage, wearing a broad-rimmed hat, which almost concealed his face, stepped out, as if about to sally forth.

On seeing the horseman, however, he stopped and raised his hat, when, to the surprise and dismay of the boys, they beheld the face of Peter Lot-ki!

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE MINES.

At first Peter did not see the boys, who were hidden by the persons of the guard.

He advanced and said something to the chief in Russian, of which the Zunguse seemed to have a good knowledge.

"So you have brought me two prisoners for workmen, eh?" he continued, suddenly speaking in English, as if the suspicion flashed upon him who they were, and he wanted them to understand what he said. "Two young men, and you think they are escaped exiles or convicts? Let me have a look at them!"

"Thunder!" said Will, in a low voice to his companion. "It is all up with us now! Peter, it seems, is the overseer!"

A prolonged whistle escaped Brian.

As Peter advanced, however, and the two met his gaze, they looked at him with the utmost *sang froid*.

Peter made a mocking bow.

"Caught at last!" he said, with an exulting smile.

"Of course you know who we are, and cannot retain us," Will ventured to say.

"On the contrary, I have full authority to do so," said Peter. "I have only to declare that I know you to be escaped convicts, to the governor-general, and then I will be at liberty to put you to work."

"To work!" cried Brian.

"Yes, to work in the mines, of which I am the head overseer."

"You are a rascal," said Brian.

Peter smiled.

"Revenge is sweet to us all," he replied.

"Where is my sister?" inquired the youth.

"She is where you will never see her—miles from here," answered Peter.

Then he drew the Zunguzian chief to one side, and a brief conversation ensued between them.

It ended in Peter's putting some broad pieces of gold in the other's palm.

The boys were then conducted to the barracks. Their arms were unbound, and they were led into a long room provided with bunks, which were ranged on each side.

Here a guard of Yakuts and other natives surrounded them, so that they could not escape.

The Zunguse and his party rode off, after which the doors of the barracks were closed.

The Yakuts then walked to and fro, up and down the long apartment, meanwhile keeping a wary eye upon the prisoners.

Soon the sound of a bell was heard, the doors were unlocked, and a large party of a hundred men marched in to take their dinner.

These were the miners.

They were mostly rough-looking fellows, being principally composed of convicts, adventurers and desperadoes of the vilest sort.

The greater number were Russians, but there were some Mongols amongst them.

The two friends, also, distinguished in this assemblage a few men who, by their sad, quiet demeanor and better behavior, they judged to be exiles sentenced to work in the mines.

A rude table of boards was soon arranged in the barracks, and dinner was served.

It consisted of good beef, corn bread, a little coffee, and a dish which the men called *schee*.

Brian and his friend were served with the rest, and as they had an excellent appetite, they did full justice to what was put before them.

Meanwhile, the loud, rough voices of the party, the clattering of knives and forks, and the unmannerly noises made by the criminals' jaws as they crunched their food, caused a din more like that of a herd of wild animals than of civilized human beings.

"What you been do?" inquired a dirty Russian, sitting opposite to the boys. "Steal? Murder—eh?"

"We are not in that line, I hope," said Brian, somewhat contemptuously.

"Ho, ho! you make believe good!" shouted the

Russian, "and all time you I disk do worse den me?"

To this remark neither of the boys thought fit to make reply.

"You come here," continued the Russian, "and you stay here as long as dem choose keep you here. You no get away from here."

"I suppose there is little chance of escaping from the mines?" said Will.

"No chance at all; many try, but dem never make out. Many die on de way. Got guards on roads to de nort', de sout, east and west."

"That is not very consoling," said Brian to his friend.

"Never mind," whispered Will; "we may find a chance to get away. I am not going to believe all that these fellows say."

In the course of an hour the bell again rang, and the miners, in charge of half a dozen clerks and a few overseers, all armed, set forth for the place of labor.

Soon after Peter again made his appearance.

"Take them off and set them to work," he said to some of the Yakuts, speaking in English for the benefit of the two boys.

Both Brian and his companion found themselves walking between the Yakuts toward the valley.

They were not long in reaching the place where the work was going on. There were several hundreds of men, all busy.

Some were digging pits, others hoisting the dirt from pits already dug, and others carting it away to the bank of the river, where the washing-machines—long cylinders of sheet-iron containing many holes and open at both ends—were in operation.

This machine, which clears the dirt and sifts out the particles of gold in it, was turned by the action of the water.

Brian and Will were at once set to work digging in one of the pits.

They could not help laughing as they handled the picks, at which they were very awkward.

"Confound it!" said Brian, at last, as he paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow, "we must get out of this thing as soon as possible."

Even as he spoke, however, he looked up to see the overseer, with his gun in his hand, watching the two sharply.

The boys were not allowed to stop work until the rest did, which was not until nine o'clock at night.

They had only been allowed half an hour for tea and supper—a brief period to rest in, considering the hard labor they were obliged to perform.

At last the hour for stopping work arrived.

Exhausted and worn out, the boys were conducted with the men to the barracks.

Their bunks were pointed out to them, and they were soon fast asleep.

They were aroused very early in the morning, and roughly informed that it was time to again go to work.

"Time?" cried Brian. "Why, how is this? It is scarcely morning yet. What time is it?"

"Half-past two," was the reply.

Both boys looked at each other in dismay.

At work from half-past two in the morning until nine at night!

Such labor must soon break them down.

Brian clinched his fist and uttered something very much like an oath.

"Do any Englishmen ever visit your mines?" he inquired.

"Not often," was the reply.

"I would like to see one if he should come," said Brian. "I am sure he would interest himself in our case, and obtain our liberty for us."

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"BEFORE HE COULD REACH HIS VICTIM HE WAS MET BY A BULLET WHICH STRETCHED HIM UPON THE EARTH, WHERE DICK LEFT HIM WHILE HE WENT BACK TO HIS MUSTANG."

Breakfast was soon partaken of, and the workmen were again on the scene of their labors.

The two boys were this day set at a different task from that of the preceding one.

They had control of one of the carts used for taking off the pay-dirt to the washing-machine.

That work was not quite so hard as digging, but it seemed hard enough to boys unused to such labor.

Working with them at the cart on this day were a couple of convicts—fierce, ugly-looking Russians, who kept growling and swearing, although, as they spoke in their own language, the lads could understand but little of what they said except their oaths.

[To be continued.]

"Minnie's Rescue from the Wilds of Siberia," was commenced in No. 326.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

JOHN HICKEY,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 17, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JOHN HICKEY is a boy who is making one hundred per cent. in the first class of Grammar School No. 17, Brooklyn, N. Y. The school is located in the old Williamsburgh (or Eastern District) section of Brooklyn. It will be seen from our portrait that Hickey has a happy and intelligent face, which makes him noticeable even among the many other bright boys of the class. He was born in this city, March 29th, 1860, making him fourteen years of age. He is the son of James and Elizabeth Hickey. He commenced his studies in the primary department of one of the schools of New York when very young, and some years later entered the grammar department of his present school. In the different classes he gave evidence of intelligent application by passing excellent examinations, and showing such a thorough understanding of each branch that he always entered upon the next with great eagerness and credit to himself. In the third class he was the successful competitor for a prize offered to the best pupil. He has a well-shaped head, regular features, and a cheerful expression. His manners are polite with all, and he is honorable and truthful. In after-times, when he thinks of his schooldays at No. 17, he will have no regrets—no recollections of evil conduct or of indifference to study. Then made energetic and confident by the knowledge which he has gained through such a course of conduct, he will be able to do his part as a man with equal honor.

JOHN HICKEY, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 17, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EVELYN A. SMITH,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 34, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EVELYN A. SMITH is a fair and intelligent girl who is distinguished for some remarkable characteristics as a pupil. "She is not only a pupil," said Mr. Davis, the Principal, "who can be ranked at one hundred per cent., but for two years she has never been either late or absent. No storm is severe enough to keep her away, and when I further tell you that she has a long distance to come, I think you will say that she has both perseverance and love of study in a remarkable degree." It is, in truth, such personal efforts which are at once the evidence of an energetic character and of the love of knowledge. All honor is due to the girl herself, and her example is worthy of the widest imitation. She was born in Brooklyn, April 27th, 1867, making her twelve years of age. She is the daughter of Charles R. and Anna L. Smith. When six years old she commenced going to a private school, and subsequently attended other schools. At length it was her good fortune to become a pupil in No. 34, where she entered the fifth grammar class. Her modest manners and amiable disposition soon made her a favorite with all, and it is but just to say that she remains the same to this day. She is now in the second grammar class. As we have stated, she is always in her place, and is always a leader in the intellectual race and an example of the most attractive qualities of girlhood. With each day comes the record of punctuality, good conduct, and perfect lessons to enlarge that which has been recorded before.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PARTY OF RESCUE.

MICKEY O'ROONEY had been in many desperate situations, but he was never more startled than when, while he sat looking at the extraordinary contest between the grizzly bear and the two Apaches, the pipe was shot from his mouth by the bullet of another party.

"Bloody murther!" he exclaimed, looking about him in amazement, "I kin knock the stuffin' out of the spalpeen that did the same! *Billoa!*"

He had just started toward the point whence came the shot, when, to his surprise and delight, Long Jim Shafto rose to view, and beckoned impatiently to him to make more haste.

"Mickey," said the hunter, "if anybody ever says you ain't the biggest fool north of the Rio Grande, I'll shoot him."

"And I'll be aqually kind wid yees, and will return the compliment," was the ready reply of the Irishman. "I always enjoy looking upon a lively scrimmage like that, and why did ye interrupt me?"

"That's all well enough, but that's a war-party of the varmints within two miles, and it's about time you mounted your hoss."

Much as Mickey desired to see the termination of the scrimmage, he could not tarry after such a startling announcement as that.

Long Jim led the way out from the hills to where the Irishman had left his mustang. Hurricane was cropping the grass near him, and in a twinkling both were mounted and galloping over the prairie.

As they rode along, the tall scout explained that they were hastening to the help of Colonel Melville's daughter and her friends, who were somewhere on the plains approaching, or endeavoring to approach, Melville Ranch — none of them likely to suspect the terrible danger they were incurring until it should prove too late to escape it.

"I can't understand how anybody can be such biasted fools," added the scout, with a sniff of contempt.

"Is it mesilf yees are referring to?" asked the Irishman.

"No. I've seen you play the fool so often that I've grown to understand it. But think of two gals starting 'cross the plains for Melville Ranch under the care of two lunkheads. If we ever find them spooney young men I'll crack thar heads open and look inside, just to see whether thar's any brains thar."

"I s'pose the colonel is worrit out of his senses?"

"And he may well be. You know, Mickey, that the varmints war never worse than now. The Comanches, Apaches, Kikwyas and all of 'em are on the war-path, and raising particular thunder."

"I've found 'em pretty attentive myself."

"More than that, Lone Wolf, the smartest and most devilish chief in the Southwest, is more active than I ever seed him afore."

"What about Jake Harf, the renegade? Is the spalpeen killed?"

"Killed!" exclaimed the indignant scout, turning his head and looking in the face of his friend; "them sort of imps don't get killed in a hurry. He's on the tramp with Lone Wolf, and somehow or other I've got an idea that they're bound to get that whole party into thar hands, and then that will be the last that Colonel Melville need expect to see of his darter. He might as well hunt through the Staked Plains for a broken toothpick as try to find her ag'in."

"If we could only make an agraamint wid Lone Wolf, Esquire, or Mr. Jacob Harf, that they should have the two gintlemen that are with the leddies, provided they should kape thar hands off the same leddies, thin, be me sowl, but it would be a delightful bargain."

"So it would," growled Long Jim; "anything would be good that would give us free of such fools."

"Ah, Jimmie, yez must have more pity and feeling for the young gintlemen. I make no doubt they be in love, and not finding much chance to whisper in the ears of the gals, have brought 'em out here on the plains, where they can spake a tender word without other folks hearing the same. Were ye ever in love, Jimmie?"

"No, indeed; never."

"But I was," said Mickey, with a sigh.

"How many times?"

"Two or three thousand, and aich time worse than the first; and I may tell ye, Jimmie, that it has its pains as well as pleasures. But whist, me boy; how far away be the party?"

"That's hard to tell, but the colonel is hopeful that we're less than a hundred miles apart, but I dareen't hope it. You know, Mickey," said the scout, in a scared undertone, "that we ain't so very far from *Auha-Yala*, the death valley of the Apaches."

"Yees are right, but it may be that the same

EVELYN A. SMITH, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 34, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

folks will run agin the Phantom of the Prairie agin. It's safe to look for him anywhere in Western Texas, and he will be a good friend, will the same."

"The trouble with the Phantom is that you can't generally find him when you want to, and they may never see him at all."

Talking and speculating in this fashion, the two scouts rode along for a considerable distance, until they reached camp.

Here were Colonel Melville and his son, Snooks, the mysterious New Yorker, and the negro, Pomp, besides the hunters themselves, the half-dozen forming quite a formidable force of themselves.

And, leaving them to pursue their hunt and search for their friends, we will return to the latter, who were pursuing their way over the plains of Western Texas on the journey to Melville Ranch.

CHAPTER VIII.

TURNING THE TABLES.

THE reader will recall that Dick Harrod, having shot his buffalo, was astonished to find it struck by another bullet, and looking toward the swell of the prairie, he observed the figure of a mounted Indian, who was evidently scrutinizing him and his friends with amazement.

There could be no doubt that this Indian had fired the other shot which had helped kill the buffalo, but he did not seem disposed to come forward and claim it.

The sight of the warrior sitting so composedly on his steed stirred Dick, who determined to test his nerve, and so, with a shout he struck his horse into a gallop and made straight toward him.

The Indian waited just long enough to make sure he was the object of all this attention, when he wheeled about and away he went.

A minute later, the steed of Dick thundered over the hill, and he immediately noted the different character of the country.

On the left the ground undulated and swept away as far as the eye could reach.

On the right it was more hilly and uneven, until it approached a mountainous character.

At the time Dick started after the Apache, the latter was about half way between the whites and a stream of water which it was necessary to cross.

It was a curious circumstance that the Indian having started, did not turn his head for a long time to see how his pursuer was making out. The latter, in fact, was gaining quite rapidly, and noted, as he sped over the prairie, that the stream before them contained quite a large island.

"Stop!" suddenly commanded Dick, revolver in hand.

Then it was the Apache glanced over his shoulder and his mustang immediately broke into a furious run.

The young man raised his pistol, and was sighting it, when the Indian threw himself forward on his steed, presenting so little in the way of a target that Dick held his fire, scarcely hoping he could reach him.

The artifice of the Indian prevented Dick firing, for he knew that the most he could do would be to kill the mustang, in which case the rider, who had been allowed his rifle, would manage to take a shot at him.

But Dick saw that he was gaining upon the steed in spite of the determined efforts of the other to draw away from him.

Not doubting his ability to overcome the redskin in a hand-to-hand encounter, the young man urged his horse to the utmost.

It takes an old scout of experience to understand all the treacherous tricks of the redskins of the plains.

Had the pursuer of the Apache been Long Jim Shafto, or even Mickey O'Rooney, he would have seen in this tardiness of the redman's flight a purpose to draw his foe on and away from the little party who were awaiting his return.

But such a suspicion never entered the head of Dick.

The brave young man was reminded of the danger he was running by catching a glimpse of the painted countenance of the Indian from beneath the neck of the horse, and at the same moment there was a flash, and the ball from his rifle almost touched the excited face of the pursuer.

Harrod raised his own gun, with the determination to take the risk of a shot, caring little whether it brought down the horse or the rider.

But as he raised his rifle the face disappeared as if the savage expected the return shot, and Dick hesitated a moment in the hope that he would gain a better opportunity.

Up to this time the chase had been kept along the river in the same direction, but now the Apache made another turn and headed away from it.

Dick started to intercept him, when his horse suddenly checked his speed, uttered a slight neigh of alarm, and changed the line of flight.

The sagacious beast had discovered what escaped the eye of his master.

No more than two hundred yards away, and almost in their front, were three Apache horsemen riding down to the assistance of their comrade, whose danger was greater than was anticipated.

The cunning fugitive had manipulated and turned his flight from the beginning so as to bring the man into a trap, and to open the way for the capture of the three whom he had left behind.

But for the unexpected action of Dick in following the redskin, the four would have fallen into the hands of the savages within the next quarter of an hour.

As it was, it looked as if the same thing was likely to happen, for the situation of the pursuer was perilous in the extreme.

But Dick was not the man to surrender when he knew his enemies were Indians of the plains.

Quick of comprehension, he took in the situation at a glance, and wheeling his horse about, sent him away from the redskins at the highest bent of his speed.

The relative position of the two parties was such that the young man could not head straight for his friends, and it was, perhaps, fortunate that this was the case.

The instant he started to flee, the Apaches followed, for they must have believed that the game was in their hands beyond all peradventure.

The savages, contrary to their usual custom, made no outcry in the shape of war whoops or yells—the reason probably being that they were afraid of alarming the whites, who as yet could not know anything of the situation.

But they bent to their work with the deadly purpose of securing a booman worthy of their steel, and capturing a party to carry away to the horrors of Auka-Yata, or the death valley.

For a minute after starting on his wild flight Dick Harrod entertained the idea of turning, so as to join his friends, but at the end of that brief time it struck him that it would not be a wise thing to do so, and he gave over the attempt.

But it was all-important that they should be given some inkling of what was going on, as the intervening ground was of that character that the parties were invisible to each other.

Night was just closing in and the air was so still that he resorted to the plan of shouting to them, as it could be done without interfering with the headlong speed with which he was fleeing.

Suddenly his voice rang out like a trumpet:

"*Run for your lives! The Indians are after us!*"

This was all that he could do, except to send up a prayer to heaven for the safety of the three dear ones who were in such extreme peril.

He had the most he could do to attend to his own safety, if, indeed, he could do that.

Having given over the attempt to rejoin the others, at least for the time, Dick did what was, perhaps, the wisest thing under the circumstances; he stopped trying to guide the mustang, which had shown so much intelligence, and left him free to follow his own inclinations—if it was only away from the merciless Apaches that were pressing him so hard.

It will be remembered that Dick had a charge in his gun, and it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to use it upon his pursuers.

His wish was to send it through the brain of the dog who had played him this trick; but it will be seen that this was a difficult task, as his horse was on a dead run and his enemies were so close behind him.

He glanced over his shoulder, and his heart thrilled with hope as he saw evidence that his matchless mustang was putting away from the savages, and unless something unexpected should intervene, he stood a good chance of leaving them behind.

He concluded not to fire just yet, as he might provoke a return shot from the savages, when the distance was so short that the chances were that it would prove fatal.

"Thank God!" he muttered, as he noted the increasing distance between his horse and those behind him. "I have a noble animal that none of theirs can equal."

He remembered to keep his eyes about him, for there was the probability that he had not seen the last of this cunningly-laid trap for his destruction.

It was not at all impossible that there were other Indians waiting to mix in the business and if a half-dozen should suddenly appear in his front, he could make more use of his rifle than by turning it upon those who were still behind him.

It would seem, indeed, that something like this was in the minds of the Indians, and Dick escaped it only by the wonderful sagacity of his mustang, that developed a wisdom of which even his master had not suspected him.

The chase had continued but a few minutes in the manner described when the horse of the fugitive made another change on the course he was following.

The turn was so sudden and unexpected that the rider was displaced for a single instant in his saddle, but immediately recovered and was on the point of seizing the rein to draw him back again, when he recalled the cause of his somewhat similar action a short time before, and he left him alone.

The reason for the movement on the part of the beast was manifest an instant after, when a whoop was heard, and the young man saw the figures of two more of the hated Apaches almost in the very spot which he would have ridden over a moment later but for the change in the direction taken by the horse without any guidance from his master.

Matters were getting into about as bad a condition as was possible, and Dick was beginning to suspect, also, that he was caught at last in an extremity from which there was no escape.

But he was a man who would never say die so long as there was a plank left to which he could cling.

There was that to encourage him even in his frightful peril, when he saw that the change made by his mustang had not only thrown the two Apaches in the rear, but had done it so effectually that they were fully as far away as the three who began the pursuit.

Dick once more glanced back, and discovered, with some alarm, that the Indian who had played this trick had drawn off from the others and was riding back toward the stream.

To the young man this could have but one possible interpretation, and that was that he meant to lead the capture of the remaining three whites.

It was a horrible suggestion, but horrible as it was, there was no help for it, and Dick did not dare to slacken his gait or attempt to direct the course of his mustang, that had already done so well.

But he was so enraged at the thought that he was about to lose all his friends, and especially Ines Melville, and he was so tortured by the belief that he was responsible in a great measure for her inevitable death, that he became desperate, and cared very little whether he escaped with his own life or not.

One of the pursuing Apaches was quite a distance in advance of the others, he being astride of the only horse whose speed approximated to that of his own.

"If you want something from me, take that, confound you!"

With his old, quick habit of aiming and firing, Dick took the Apache by surprise. Seeing the action of the white man, he attempted to escape it by throwing himself over the opposite side of his horse, but he was just a moment too late, and the bullet from the gun of the fugitive bored him clean through and ended his business forever.

In making this shot Dick Harrod "builded better than he knew."

As we have said, the Indian who became his target was quite a way in advance of the others, and when he fell it made a long gap between pursuers and pursued.

At the same time it awoke the redskins to the fact that their intended victim was so well mounted that there was the strongest probability of his eluding them altogether.

At this they indulged again in some of their whoops, and began firing at the daring rider.

The last was expecting this, and he, too, did the best thing possible under the circumstances.

He had not the ability to indulge in the tricks of horsemanship that came so natural to the Apaches, but he lessened the likelihood of being struck by leaning forward on his animal, so as to allow the missiles to pass over his head.

His dread was that some of the bullets would strike and disable his steed, whose loss would be irreparable.

The mustang was doing his utmost to carry himself and master out of the fiery sleet, and although the ground was rough and uneven, it seemed to make no difference in his tremendous gait, which was drawing him steadily beyond range of the redskins.

When the fugitive ventured to look back again, he was not much astonished as surprised to observe the gain that had been made upon his enemies.

It was such, in fact, that he saw there was the best of reason for their shots failing to touch him or his horse.

Could he escape for a few minutes more, he might rise with safety in his saddle and laugh at their attempts to injure him.

The few minutes' respite were given the fugitive, for the Apaches, having emptied their guns, required several more to reload, and the time, brief as it was, proved to be all that was needed.

When the firing was resumed, the shots were so wide of the mark that Dick straightened up, and with a view of tantalizing the baffled wretches, he swung his hat over his head and shouted as if inviting them to come on and capture him if they could.

CHAPTER IX.

THE APACHE—HUNTING THE TRAIL.

THE events we have been describing took place in a far shorter time than their record has occupied.

There was a rush and whirl from the beginning to the close that carried the excited actors along almost breathless to the end.

When Dick Harrod saw that he had thrown off his pursuers and could think and act for himself, he drew down his panting horse and looked around to learn where he was.

It was fully dark, but a moon was in the sky, and as it was not eclipsed by any clouds, the light was sufficient to help him in considerable.

This proved a difficult and almost hopeless task, as his acquaintance with the neighborhood was so slight, and it will be remembered that he had ridden very long and made several changes in the direction when pressed so hard by the Apaches.

His vision reached to such a comparatively small distance that he found he had lost his reckoning altogether.

He could not tell which were the points of the compass nor where the stream was, nor what course he should take to find his friends.

For the safety of these Dick was in a torment of anxiety.

Recalling how narrowly he had escaped the savages, and the supposed situation of the three, he could not disguise the truth from himself that the chances were overwhelmingly against the security of McCormick and the ladies.

He looked here, there and everywhere, and listened with all the intensity of attention, in the hope of gaining some clue to the missing ones.

A little way to his right he observed through the darkness the dim outlines of a high range of hills, which seemed to extend far beyond his range of vision.

In front, rear and on the left the ground appeared to be undulating, and of the same general character that he had noticed during the latter part of the afternoon.

As for the hill, he had no recollection of ever having seen that before, for it could not be the one which he had noticed when approaching the stream, inasmuch as its situation was altogether wrong.

The change from the rush and tumult of the running fight to that of absolute quiet was so marked, that, as he looked back upon the events of the last few minutes, they seemed more like some frightful dream than a reality.

But standing idle where he was could do his friends no good, and deciding in his own mind the direction in which the stream lay, he started his horse forward on a slow walk, while the rider used his eyes and ears the best he knew how.

"My good animal," said the grateful Dick, "you have saved my life already, and all now depends on you. If there is any danger, it is you, and not I, who must detect it."

The young man was convinced, from what had taken place, that this confidence in his mustang was not displaced.

The wonderful sagacity of the animal would enable him to detect any approaching peril when it was invisible to his master.

It seemed very probable to Dick that the Apaches would not give up the pursuit of him when he had slain one of their braves, and when they had the darkness of night to help them in their deviltry.

Such being the threatened danger, it was, as the rider had remarked to his steed, a matter that depended upon his watchfulness.

When Dick had ridden a short way, he drew up and again looked and listened for sights and sounds of his friends.

There still being nothing to reward him, he adopted an artifice which he had learned when on the plains some years before.

Dismounting from the mustang, he lay flat down and pressed his ear close to the ground.

The instant he did this he was certain he heard something which betokened the near presence of friend or foe.

He caught the sound of a single horse's hoof as he walked slowly over the ground.

The noise was so faint that he could only make sure that there were but the single one, without being able to decide on the direction he was following, and whether he was coming toward him or not.

When he raised his head again from the ground he could not catch the jar, from which he concluded that it was not very near at hand.

Applying his ear once more, he discovered, to his surprise, that he heard the sound no longer.

This, however, would only prove that the animal had stopped walking for the time.

Dick looked at his mustang, wondering why it was he did not show some evidence of the knowledge of the proximity of a foe.

There was the faint hope that the stranger might be McCormick on a little scout, after having placed the girls in a place of safety.

He was strongly tempted to whistle to him, using a signal which, were it his friend, he would recognize on the instant.

But the risk was too great, for in case of a mistake, the consequences would be of the most serious character.

So he concluded to wait till the stranger should give some inking as to his identity.

Dick had risen to his feet and was standing in a crouching posture beside the mustang, when the latter threw up its head, accompanied by a pricking of the ears, and a snuff as if he had scented something which he did not like.

The beast was too sagacious to make any noise that might alarm the stranger and interfere with the plans of his master.

The latter was well satisfied that the approaching person was an Apache warrior, who as yet was unaware of his proximity to his white foe.

If such were the case, he determined to meet his enemy with his revolver, waiting until he was so close that he could be sure of the wretch, whom he hoped might be the traitor.

As it stood, the savage would be likely to detect the presence of the horse before Dick could get a shot at him, and with a view of overcoming that disadvantage, he left the steed where he was, and stole several yards ahead.

Here he crouched down upon the ground and awaited the approach of the Indian, who was immediately in his front.

Some ten minutes passed without discovering anything, when a slight rustling of the grass told Dick that the fellow was almost close enough to be seen.

The ground just here was uneven, and although the grass was scant, there was a slight elevation, behind which he crouched, and, with revolver in hand, awaited the approach of his enemy.

There was enough doubt in the mind of the young man as to the identity of the stranger to make him resolve that he would not fire until all uncertainty was removed.

By-and-by he was able to detect the sound of somebody crawling through the scanty grass directly toward him, and peering cautiously over the ridge of earth, Dick caught the outlines of the head of some one not a dozen feet distant.

"Is that you, Will?" called out the young man in a quick, sharp undertone, holding his pistol ready for instant use.

It proved to be a very different person from Will, and the Apache, doubtless thinking that he had a "soft thing" of it, suddenly bounded forward, with his knife upraised, to wipe out the white man that had dared attempt to outwit him.

But the redskin made a little mistake which he was not permitted to correct.

Before he could reach his victim he was met by a bullet which stretched him upon the earth, where Dick left him while he went back to his mustang.

A sharp ride of an hour brought him to the very stream from which he had been compelled to turn back by the Apaches, and hopeful of finding his friends on the island, he spurred his horse into the water, and quickly forded the brief intervening distance.

The island was long and narrow, and leaving his horse to stand where he was, Dick crossed the land to the water on the other side.

In doing so he passed through a growth of stunted vegetation, in which a score of persons could have found the best kind of a hiding-place, when aided by the darkness of night.

He moved as stealthily as an Indian himself, for there was the dread that some of his enemies might be there ahead of him, and waiting for something of the kind.

But he found himself by the water on the other side without having seen or heard anything to cause the slightest alarm.

Here he renewed his groping for the footprints of the horses, and he was somewhat surprised when, after quite a thorough search, he failed to find any of them at all.

"Can it be that they are hiding here?" he asked himself, as he paused to think over the matter. "So it would seem, for I can find no place where they have left the island."

If such were the fact, he had an easy task before him.

The piece of land lying in the stream was so small that it needed little time to make a thorough examination of it.

Dick first moved to the lower end, where he paused, and looked off to the shore on his right and left.

The face of the moon was slightly clouded again, and he was able to obtain only the slightest possible glimpse of the mainland.

The stillness remained as profound as when he had halted on the bank and hesitated about entering the water.

One would have supposed, from a glance at the scene, that it was one of those places in the great wilderness that had remained undisturbed since "creation's morn."

Beginning at the lower end of the island, Dick moved up toward the other extremity, listening and searching as well as he could for whomsoever might be on the island.

He was right in the belief that if his three friends were here in hiding, he would be sure to find them before reaching the other end of the place.

Dick Harrod had gone about half the distance when he became well satisfied that there was some one else there beside him.

He suspected it was an enemy rather than a friend.

He had heard a sound, something like a rustling among the bushes such as would naturally be made by the cautious movement of a person, and which, as we have said, he believed was the sign of one or more of the abominated Apaches at their fiendish work.

The sound, when first heard, was only a short distance on his right, opposite to where his horse was standing.

Dick paused on the instant, uncertain as to what was the proper course for him to take, for it struck him that if there was an Indian so near he could scarcely have escaped learning of his presence on the island.

But he was impatient with the delay which had marked all his efforts in reconnoitring before, and impressed with the value of time, the young man uttered the low whistle, which could not reach the ear of McCormick without his recognizing it on the instant.

There was no response, and he repeated it, holding his revolver ready in case he was charged upon as before.

"Is that you, Dick?"

Before he could reply, a form came forward from the gloom.

"Good Heavens, Ines!" exclaimed the astounded hunter, as he impulsively seized the trembling girl and pressed her to his breast, "where are McCormick and Pomp?"

"I know not; but I am afraid the Indians have them both."

(To be continued.)

"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 628.

AT BAY.

THE wind was blowing a gale outside, and the rain and hail pattered threateningly against the windows; but the little group gathered round the glowing grate-fire in the pleasantest of libraries, could afford to clap their hand, and laugh at every fresh gust of wicked old Boreas.

They were all housed for the night. Everything about them was cheery and comfortable—so com-

fortable that it is scarcely strange that the younger members of the group thought very little of the sufferings of the poor old homeless.

Harry Winchester was sixteen, a bright, intelligent young man who adored his mother, and was unusually fond of his two sisters, Maud and Kate; the former twelve years old, while Kate, the sunbeam of the family, was eight.

The two girls were engaged in a game of checkers. Harry sat on a hassock by his mother's side, and his head rested in her lap, as they both gazed silently into the fire.

"A terrible night for the poor," said mamma, at last, with a shiver.

"Awful," said Maud, crowding her sister's man as she spoke; "but, after all, mamma, what's the use of thinking about 'em when we can't do 'em any good?"

"Why, um!" laughed Harry. "You'll have to send Maud to some other school, mamma. Her 'arse'n' and 'ertain' are something really extraordinary."

"Extraordinary, Master Harry," replied Maud, with perfect good nature, "means more than ordinary, and more than ordinary means better than others. So you have complimented me, after all, by the use of an improper word."

"Good for Maud!" said Kate, while Mrs. Winchester and Harry laughed in spite of themselves at the girl's quickness at repartee.

"But what is the use, mamma, of thinking of things that you can't help?—I mean poor people."

"I suppose," put in Harry, "that if all the rich people in the world would really do all they can for the poor, there wouldn't be any poverty at all."

"Not so much, of course," replied Mrs. Winchester, "but there are very few of us, I fear, who do all we can. I want to do my share, but such a storm as this always sets me wondering whether I really have or not. I know by experience what it is to be poor—cold and very lonely, and what it is to be in danger, too, not only from the fury of the elements, but from wild beasts and Indians. I am quite sure, children, that I can fully appreciate and sympathize with every description of suffering."

The girls stopped in the middle of the game, open-eyed and open-mouthed with a surprise that amounted to consternation.

Harry lifted his head from his mother's knee and gazed at her in silent wonder.

"You, mamma?" spoke Maud, at last. "You poor and cold and hungry? Why, mamma, I thought we were always rich."

"I knew better than that," said Harry, "but I had no idea it was so bad. Tell us something about it, won't you, please?"

"A storm like this," said the lady, "always takes me back to a night in Minnesota, fifteen years ago this very Winter. At that time your father and Harry, who was then a little over a year old, and myself, lived in a log cabin, three miles from the nearest neighbor. We started West from Massachusetts, where we both were born, you know, against the advice and wishes of all of our friends; but your father was not at that time in very robust health, and his physician advised him to go to Minnesota. We had a little money, and, with this, bought a new section of land and settled upon it. At first we had two workmen employed, and as the men-folks were never far from the cabin, I seldom felt afraid. For the first few months everything went on admirably. Your father's health improved, and, lonely as it was, we were in the place more than at first I had supposed it possible. Scarcely a day passed but one or more Indians called upon us, but they were friendly, and a little rice, a bit of sugar, or a cast-off garment, sufficed to keep them all in good humor.

"But you didn't give something to all the Indians that called upon you, did you?" inquired Kate, who had now drawn close to her side.

"Yes, always some little thing. Sometimes they would bring a haunch of venison, or some game, to exchange for sugar and rice and meal, and we were usually glad to accommodate them. We were told, when we first arrived in Minnesota, that it would never do to turn them away without the gift of some little thing, and we found it was so. I was always very careful also to be cordial in my greetings, without appearing to be over hospitable, for the Indians are sure to discover anything that savors of putting-on for the occasion. As I was saying, for several months we got along exceedingly well, and then a change came. A disease broke out among the cattle, and in almost every case proved fatal. Then we were obliged to discharge our hired men, and manage as well as we could alone. This made it very hard, and very dangerous for me. It was at this time that we suffered for the complete necessaries of life. Your father caught a terrible cold in his heroic endeavors to save his cattle, and was confined to the house for a month with a low fever, that was exceedingly distressing for both of us. What cattle remained I had to feed. All the wood we burned I was obliged to cut, for it had been hauled into the shed and sawed, but not split, and this was by no means the hardest thing I had to do."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the children, in chorus.

"Never mind now," said the lady. "It was doubtless the best experience I could have had, hard as it was. It brought out the weak points in my character and developed them. I do not regret it, my dears, and you must not. The day preceding the evening I am going to tell you about had been more trying than usual. It seemed to me that a whole tribe of Indians had visited the cabin, the first one arriving before we were out of bed. We had a little corn-meal in the closet and a part of a very lively ham. Flour, sugar, and coffee, not even our salt, had given out, and it became necessary for your father to go to the nearest settlement to make some purchases. He was not able to, but there seemed no alternative, and so I helped harness our only remaining horse, who was about as able to make the journey as his master.

"'I shall be home long before night,' said your father, as he drove away, 'and I advise you to keep the door locked. I shall feel better to know that you are not entertaining any of these confounded, treacherous redskins.'

"I laughed and promised to do the best I could, sure that this advice was by no means wise. I had seen enough of these strange creatures to know that a door locked against them would be productive of the worst possible results. So I concluded to do as I thought best under these most peculiar and trying circumstances.

"For two hours after your father's departure I enjoyed the most perfect quiet—or, rather, I should have enjoyed it had it not been for a constant anticipation of evil. I supposed that was occasioned by my dread of the Indians—a dread I never was able to conquer. It was very seldom that I saw a brave or a squaw approach, and they never made any noise.

"The first thing I would know the latch would softly lift, and an Indian would stand before me. My first view was Deerskin—a brave at least seven feet high and large in proportion—Harry was asleep in my arms when he entered—and, folding his blanket around him, surveyed me from the corner of the room. I laid the baby in the cradle, and, after carefully saluting him, proceeded to the preparation of some corn-dodgers, which I knew he was very partial to. I was also very hungry, and, being in excellent health, was able to eat and digest the coarse stuff without the slightest trouble.

"When I had finished baking them, I passed an old tin plate with several of the dodgers upon it to Deerskin. The reason I gave him the oldest dish I had was because the Indians always take away with them whatever dish is placed before them.

"Generally I gave them whatever I desired them to have in a dish for me to dispose of heard, but the dodgers were greasy, and, besides, I knew Deerskin would be pleased with the tin.

"'Good squaw,' he remarked, after eating the last one. 'Squaw give brave more.' I filled the tin again, and he had not arrived at the height of five years old before I was able to read with ease

They chatted for some time, and as their host offered to explain anything that puzzled them, Dan said:

"Will you kindly tell me why people to whom we are introduced ask our ages?"

"Out of common politeness," was the response. "You Americans inquire after our wives' health; we ask your age, not considering it quite polite to put the question you do, deeming it none of our affairs whether you are single or married."

"Why do Japanese wives black their teeth?" asked Orville.

"Why do your ladies wear bonnets?" said Hirano.

"To protect their heads, of course," replied the boy; then, correcting himself, he added: "That was the original idea when bonnets were invented. Now they are worn in a frame in which to stick feathers and flowers, just as your women fix up their hair in big loops, and stick it full of ivory and metal skewers, until it looks like the back of a hedgehog. Surely there must be some reason for your matrons disfiguring their mouths as they do?"

"Yes, I had almost forgotten," said the old gentleman, with a chuckle. "One of our great empresses was renowned for her wisdom and the blackness of her teeth, and, in order to be considered like her, the ladies of the time artificially colored their ivories. The daughters of these women, when they married, followed the fashion. It is reported that the present Empress, Haruko, will change all this, and they say she scrubs her teeth to keep them white. I suppose it is one of your American customs she has adopted."

"Yes," nodded Orville; "we bear she is a splendid lady, and has done a great deal for her people."

"She has," answered their host. "They tell us she is going to be more celebrated than Jingu Kogo."

"Who is he?" asked Dan.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the old fellow. "Have you never heard of Jingu Kogo? You see her pictures on fans and kites and in story-books. She was more like a man than a woman, and wore trowsers."

"I understand," nodded Orv. "She was a bloomer. We have such Jingos in our country."

His remark puzzled Mr. Hirano, and they had to make a sketch of Doctor Mary Walker and explain the bloomer movement to him, though, even then, he seemed mystified, remarking:

"Jingu Kogo was different from that. She was the mother of the God of War, and she conquered the Corea. Your goddess could not do such a thing. Jingu Kogo is the model and heroine for all our boys, and, though a female, is placed with the heroes of Japan, who swear by that Jingu."

"So do the English," chuckled Dan; "they also swear by Jingo. I guess we had better study Japanese history. Jingo was a regular woman's-rights champion, eh? I am glad you have told us about her."

"Come," said their host; "now that all my folks are assembled, I will present my brother's legacy to my nephew."

The lads arose, and following him, entered a big reception-room, where they found their companion surrounded by his aunt and cousins, who were doing their best to nurse and cure the young man.

One would give him tea and another drops of medicine. A third fanned him, and a fourth blew perfumed water over his face. In a short time the male members of the family joined them, and chatted with their visitors while Hirano retired to fetch the box.

"And we refused to take this poor fellow in," sighed Mrs. Hirano, regarding her nephew, who, wrapped in a loose Japanese garment, was endeavoring to make a parting in his coarse black hair, that persisted in standing up like a brush all over his head. "We took him for a foreign prince."

"Why don't you put some pomade on your flowing locks?" laughingly inquired Dan of Ben. "Americans always use it when their hair won't lie down."

"I can give you some, cousin," said one of the young ladies, producing a little cabinet. "This cosmetic is from Tokio. It will make your hair grow, and at the same time give it a beautiful gloss."

Benkei received the package, and was thanking her when his uncle returned, carrying an oblong trunk, made of stamped leather, and fastened with an enormous brass padlock, which was sealed with white wax.

"It's awfully light," murmured Benkei, as it was handed to him. "Well, I never expected anything from my relation, so shall not be disappointed if this merely contains Buddhist treatises."

"One moment, nephew," said Mr. Hirano; "before you open it be satisfied that the seal has not been tampered with. This is a matter of business, and requires to be treated as such."

The young man closely inspected the impression of the stamp and wrote upon a piece of paper:

"I, Benkei Yuno, hereby acknowledge receiving from my uncle, Hirano, a leathern-trunk, secured with the seal of my uncle, Yazayemon, who is deceased."

This receipt he handed to his relative, after doing which he chipped the wax from the lock, and taking the key from his aunt, raised it respectfully to his forehead, as Japanese always do when they receive important communications or gifts, then proceeded to unlock the box.

He lifted the lid, and turning it back, exhibited the legacy, which consisted of a greasy, old wadded dress such as is worn by bonzes during the Winter.

"Ah!" cried one of the girls, in a chaffing tone, "so your loving uncle merely left you one of his cast-off robes?"

Benkei rolled his eyes, twitched his lips, and regarding the speaker, answered:

"Most beautiful cousin, have you never heard the words of the sage Daruma, 'The robe of a bonze is sometimes better lined than the purse of a prince?'"

"That's so," laughingly remarked one of the young men, "and Yamato Dake said:

'The person who receives a poor legacy
Should not throw it away as rubbish.
Gold is found hidden in strange places.'"

"I don't think there's much gold in uncle's old clothes," saucily observed one of the girls. "There's a saying, 'The garment of a bonze and the lips of a shinto are both greasy.'"

She referred to the shinto eating animal food.

"How much will you take for the lot?" said Orville.

"I'll give you ten cents for it," drawled Dan, in English.

"I'm rather astonished," gravely observed Mr. Hirano. "At least I thought the box would contain the deed of some property. Well, my brother always was a little touched in the head."

"Never mind, nephew," said his aunt, in a condoling tone; "a dead man's blessing is better than his gold."

While they were speaking, the left corner of Benkei's mouth was working convulsively, and he was betting the robe all over.

Presently he paused, and addressing his aunt, requested the loan of a pair of scissors—articles that in Japan have two blades, but only one handle.

When these were brought, Ben coolly proceeded to rip out the lining of the garment, and, to their astonishment and delight, pulled from between the layers of silk wadding a number of Government bonds, which at first the boys imagined were United States Five-twenties.

"You are in luck," said Dan; "our bonds are very much sought after, though I never thought any of them were held in this country."

"These are not American," said Benkei, opening one of the certificates; "it is true they are copied from your documents; however, they were printed here. We call them Chit-suro-ku—Mikado's bonds. They bear seven per cent. interest, and carry four coupons for every year. We consider them to be as good as gold."

"And we thought we were coming to a savage country," said Orville. "You have post offices, the electric telegraph, postage-stamps, and postal-cards, receipt-stamps, stamps for silkworm-egg cards, liquor-licenses, tobacco-stamps, Government bonds, and all the luxuries."

"Yes," sighed their host, "and to-morrow eight of our fellow-citizens will lose their heads at the blood-pit."

"How?" said Dan.

"For stealing a few dollars," answered Hirano. "Though we have adopted many of your ideas, we have failed to abolish our barbarous custom of taking away a man's life for a trifling offense. If you will go with me in the morning I will show you an example of Japanese justice."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW THE JAPANESE MAKE INDIAN-INK.

"WHAT do you call justice?" asked Orville.

The old man bowed his head to the ground, to show his respect for the Emperor, but did not reply; however, Benkei, who had been searching the robe and counting his treasure, answered for him by saying:

"This is what I call justice! It repays me for the years I droned away in Iburi. There's a saying, 'It is good to be a bonze and better to have an uncle who is one.' The noble old man has left me ten thousand yen. I think a great deal more of him than I did this morning. Now I shall be able to visit the United States and no longer be like the frog in the bottom of the well."

His cousins congratulated the young man, and begged pieces of the garment to put under their heads at night, thinking it would bring them good luck.

"You don't have any faith in such things, do you, Ben?" said Dan, as their friend divided the robe among the pretty girls.

"I regard it very much as your ladies do the custom of putting wedding-cake under their pillows," he quickly answered. "It cannot harm and may do good."

This reply caused the females to laugh, and Mrs. Hirano to say:

"You will find human nature pretty much the same in every country."

That night the boys slept on fine mats, bordered with silk, and rested their heads upon lacquered pillows worth several dollars apiece.

At daybreak their host called to them and asked if they would like to see the executions.

"We have no taste for such horrible sights," said Orville. "We would prefer to go over your factory."

"My people work at their own homes," answered Hirano; "we will pay them a visit after breakfast. If you wish to see how our ink is made, come next door, to my nephew's, and he will show you."

The lads joined him, and, stepping into the verands, passed to the adjacent dwelling.

The front apartment, which was open to the street, was filled with half-naked men, whose bodies were smeared with lamp-black, and who were stirring something in copper bowls that gave out a pleasant perfume.

Everything in the place was grimy, and the workmen, as they squatted at their occupation, looked like impe engaged in some demoniacal cookery.

"Where is your master?" inquired Hirano of one of the people.

"Here I am, uncle," exclaimed the proprietor, as he emerged from the back room. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to show our American friends how to make ink. They wish to manufacture it in their own country. Come, Orino, you needn't be afraid of their ruining your business. Tell them the whole process."

"How do you make the paste into cake," said Orville.

Their guide conducted them into a rear apartment, where they saw a number of women and girls squatting behind little benches, upon which were masses of jet-black paste.

"Stop," he said, to one of the operators; "show my friends how you fill your molds."

The woman exhibited two pieces of hard wood, in each of which were indentations like those of a butter-print; then taking a wooden spatula, she dexterously filled the holes, clapped the molds together, gave them a tap, and turned out a cake of ink, repeating the process until she had a row of them on the board before her, when a child came along with a pair of grimy chopsticks and a tray made of bamboo splints.

Picking up the damp cakes with the former, the girl rapidly transferred them to the latter, and when one had filled her tray, carried it out to a building at the rear of the house.

"We make up our ink into all sorts of shapes," said Orino. "Some people prefer flat sticks and others round ones. The great secret of molding is to have the stuff just damp enough to take an impression. If it is not quite right the cakes break easily or fall to pieces, when they have to be returned to the boilers. It seems very easy to pick up one of those pieces with the chopstick, does it not?"

"Yes," said Orville, taking the articles from the girl, who had returned to replenish her tray. "I can do it."

His first attempt resulted in a dismal failure, and a second showed him the folly of his boast, the Japanese touch being so much lighter than his own.

"Will you try it?" inquired the manufacturer of Dan.

"No, thank you," answered the latter. "Kindly go on with your explanations. I was never a good hand at conjuring."

Orino showed them sticks of ink a foot long, and weighing over a pound. These, he explained, were for prizes in school and college examinations, and were to be gilded and adorned in various colors.

"How is it you can handle the wet ink without destroying the figures on it?" demanded Dan.

"It is through practice," said their guide. "Our girls begin to learn the business when they are very young. Come, I will now show you my bake-house."

"I thought you never used bread?" remarked Orville.

Orino laughed, and motioning them to follow him, led the way to an out-building, on the floor of which were little heaps of wood-ashes, moving amid the piles being some half-nude men, perspiring from head to foot.

"My word, it is hot in here," exclaimed Dan.

"Where are your ovens?"

Orino said something to one of his employés, and the latter, taking a tray of wet ink from a girl who had just entered the place, set it upon an earthen stand, covered it with a shield made of coarse paper, and going to a furnace, took out some hot wood-ashes, which he sifted upon the mound.

"That is our way of baking the ink," said their informant; "those paper covers answer the purpose of ovens."

"But don't they burn up?" asked Dan.

"No," was the response; "they slowly absorb the moisture in the ink, and as they cool off render it hard as rock."

"Why don't you build a larger oven and bake a good big batch at a time?"

"That has been tried and abandoned," answered Orino. "This is the only way to properly dry the article. If the process is forced the outside of the cakes become brittle, and they fly all to pieces. Ink-making is very slow work, but a first-rate quality, like mine, commands a good price. I receive five thousand cash for each one of these sticks."

"That's fifty cents American," said Dan. "How much profit do you get on it?"

"About five hundred cash," said Orino. "The materials I use are very expensive, and the business requires considerable capital."

The boys examined the dried ink, and Orville remarked:

"This isn't as handsome-looking as some I have seen at home."

"Come with me," observed their guide, preceding them into another building, furnished with wooden benches raised about six inches from the ground, at which sat the man's wife and two of his daughters. "This is our finishing-room."

"Yes," said the lady, bowing and smiling at their visitors, "I gild the ink and paint our name and trade-mark on with vermilion, or some other color, and my daughters varnish the sticks with a thin glue made of ox-skin."

As she spoke she exhibited some beautiful specimens, that looked like polished ebony.

"Can all Japanese afford to use such good ink as that?" inquired Dan.

"No," said Orino, "most of my countrymen have to content themselves with common stuff, made from the soot of burnt pine or resin mixed with coarse glue. It retails for about a cash a cake, and is largely exported to foreign countries. Please accept two samples of my manufactures."

The brothers received their presents, and were thanking him when they heard yells and cries in the street, upon which the ladies quitted their work, and clapping their hands, ejaculated:

"Beautiful! The heads are coming this way."

Then motioned the boys to follow them into the front shop.

His was only joking, the Japanese having no fear of foreign competition.

"I am not at all frightened," said Orino, saluting his visitors with a grave bow. "This," pointing to the apparatus by the side of the nearest workmen, "is a copper bowl within a bowl, the space between the two being filled with hot water, which keeps the contents from hardening. You perceive the vessel is empty. I take a ladle full of this lamp-black," inserting a dipper into a barrel of that article; "you see it about half fills this little boiler. I now pour some of this liquid on to the powder, and my man will stir it, adding scent to make it smell nice."

"Yes, we understand," said Orville, "but I never saw that kind of lamp-black before. Of what is it made?"

"Of sesamum-oil," replied Orino.

"And the liquid?" demanded Dan.

"Is a glue manufactured from ox-skins," said the other. "This paste has to be stirred for several days, and the water in the lining of the bowl kept at boiling point."

"Do you employ a thermometer?" demanded Orv.

"No," said his informant, "we use our fingers."

"How do you do at night?" queried Dan.

"We cool off the vessels," was the response.

"And how long does it take before this is sufficiently mixed?" asked Orville.

"It all depends," said the manufacturer. "From six to fifteen days."

"I think I could make just as good an article out of Cooper's glue and ordinary lamp-black, and do it in a quarter the time you take," observed Dan, after attentively watching the process. "I would use steam, and turn out the stuff by the ton."

"Indeed, you make a mistake," said Orino, smiling politely; "it is not sufficient to stir together the substances you have mentioned. To make fine ink we have to use the best of material, and if it is not mixed slowly, and cooled repeatedly, the sticks will crack into small pieces, and the ink break and come off the paper. We Japanese were hundreds of years before we perfected this article, which we formerly imported from China."

ORVILLE AND DAN.—"HE LIFTED THE LID, AND TURNING IT BACK, EXHIBITED THE LEGACY, WHICH CONSISTED OF A GREASY, OLD WADDED DRESS, SUCH AS IS WORN BY BONZES DURING THE WINTER."—SEE PAGE 331.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A JAPANESE EXTRA.

THE woman's exclamation puzzled the boys; however, they quickly discovered what she meant, for in the midst of a dense crowd advancing up the street they beheld eight human heads elevated upon blood-clotted pikes.

Instead of appearing horrified, Mrs. Orino and her daughter seemed anxious to get a good view of the shocking sight, while the workmen stirred the ink in the copper bowls, and as the procession defiled past the shop, gave vent to a prolonged cry, beginning with a laugh and ending with a groan.

When the mob had vanished round the corner Hirano motioned to the boys to follow him out, and after bidding adieu to the Orinos, they returned to their host's dwelling, where they found the family assembled for the first meal, each person being squatted before a little stand containing fish, vegetables and fruit, served in saucer-like bowls.

"I was going to send for you," said the lady of the house, "Your food is growing cold. Take your places on the left of my husband. I am afraid you will find our fare very poor."

"No, indeed," answered Orville, raising the covers from his tray. "This is living luxuriously, is it not, Benkei?"

Instead of replying, their friend averted his face, and the boys noticed that he was making his breakfast off plain boiled rice and tea.

"Are you worse, Ben?" asked Dan. "I should think some fish would be good for you."

Upon hearing this remark the young ladies began to titter, and Benkei to blush most painfully.

"Why don't you tell your friends, nephew," said Mrs. Hirano.

Benkei coughed once or twice, and looked anywhere but at the boys; then said, in a low tone:

"I don't think it right to indulge in animal food. It is not respectful to my uncle's memory."

This speech made all present laugh—the family being Shintos, and, as such, meat-eaters.

When their merriment was over, Mr. Hirano said:

"Nephew, I think you are drawing the wire rather fine. If you imagine your uncle never ate animal food, you are greatly mistaken."

ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG, NEWLY ELECTED RULER OF BULGARIA.

"He used to call it red rice," giggled one of the girls. "And he termed chicken broth 'Imperial tea,'" said another. "Here, cousin, let me remove your Buddhist's face and give you something worthy of a person who owns Government bonds and dresses like an American."

At first the young man was obstinate, and professed to be merely doing what was right; however, he finally yielded, and was served with a more palatable breakfast.

"Did you see the heads?" asked one of the young ladies of Dan. "Mamma would not let us go into the veranda."

"I think she was quite right," answered the boy. "In my country, women regard such things with horror." Then, turning to her father, he inquired, "Why did the people make that ha-ha-hooting noise when the procession went by?"

"It is a very old custom," said Hirano. "Two hundred years ago a patriot belonging to this city was executed by order of the Daimio of the Province, and his head paraded about our streets. As it was borne past the houses the people groaned; on hearing of which the Daimio issued an edict commanding the inhabitants to laugh when the next head was carried in procession. Hence arose the strange cry you heard, which usage has been kept up to the present time."

"Gracious me, what a people you are for old customs!" laughingly remarked Orv.

"I am sorry to say you are right," gravely responded Hirano. "Many of them and our promiscuous executions should be abolished."

"Listen, father," said one of his sons; "the boys are crying a half-sheet."

"Pardon me," said the astonished Dan; "what do you mean by that?"

The young man placed his chopsticks by his side, and, respectfully folding his hands, replied:

"Since a year we have had two journals published in this city, one being issued daily, and the other four times a moon. Within the last few weeks, whenever important events have occurred, the public-spirited proprietors of our newspapers have issued what they call a half-sheet."

"Please spare any more explanation," exclaimed Dan. "I suppose when we get to Tokio we shall find they have illustrated papers and a Japanese *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*. And this is the country we were told was as wild as Africa! Suppose we send out and get one of the extras?"

Hirano dispatched a servant, who presently returned with a paper measuring about six inches by eight, two-thirds of which was taken up with a character intended for a heading, meaning "Wonderful Words."

"Is that the size of your newspapers?" asked Orville.

His host put on a pair of round-rimmed spectacles, and holding out the sheet, remarked:

"You see, this enterprise is yet young. Our journals will grow with the progress of the people. How much larger ought they to be?"

"Our American newspapers are a hundred times that size. Are they not, boys?" said Benkei, looking up from his breakfast.

The brothers chuckled at this, and Orville merrily replied:

"See here, old chum, we'd like to know your status. Do you wish us to consider you as one of us, or how? Yesterday you professed to have advanced ideas, and to-day you want to go back to your old rice-eating business."

This speech amused Benkei's relatives, and the girls teased him unmercifully, one of them saying:

"When you came here, we thought you were an American prince; now you talk like a bonze."

"I'll give up all my superstitions," said Ben. "Why I went back to rice was this: The bonzes used to say if you receive a legacy and eat meat in the same moon your money will cause your death. I thought I would taste a little out of respect for my uncle's memory. I did not then know he had eaten red rice and drank Imperial tea. From this day I renounce all stupid Buddhisms."

"Good enough!" cried the brothers.

"Would you care to hear me read this paper?" politely inquired Hirano. "It contains a full account of the crimes of the unfortunate men who were executed this morning."

"Thank you, sir," said Dan; "we would like to know the news."

The host motioned his family to cease their conversation, when, beginning at the right-hand top of the newspaper, read downward, taking line after line of characters, until he reached the left-hand side of the sheet, where he turned it over and repeated the process. A Japanese document commences in what we term the last and ends on our first page.

This was the contents of the extra:

"THE DRAGON'S WRATH (Anger of the Emperor).—The eight criminals, Shitomi, Tanzan, Shimidzu, Kansan, Seifu, Shippo, Chaki and Wago, guilty of stealing from the person of a merchant twenty-four yen, (dollars), are hereby condemned to death, signed by order of the Mikado. OKUBU KAWANE IKUNUMICHI, Governor of Iwashiro."

"Is that all the news the paper contains?" inquired Orville. "Is there no reporter's interview, opinions on popular subjects on the part of the victims, and their last dying speeches and confessions?"

"No," gravely answered Hirano, folding the document. "When a Japanese is condemned no one is allowed to see him, and as to dying speeches, how can a criminal talk when he has a gag in his mouth? You do things better than that in America."

"We certainly don't execute men for stealing a few dollars," responded Orv. "As Benkei says, you hold human life awfully cheap in this country."

(To be continued.)

"Orville and Dan" was commenced in No. 321.

INTERIOR OF THE BULGARIAN ASSEMBLY HOUSE, TIRNOVA.

TERRIFIC DESCENT OF AN AERONAUT IN SMOKE AND FIRE.

THAT was a sickening spectacle and heart-rending occurrence at the McLean County Fair-grounds, near Calhoun, in Kentucky. It was the hour for the grand balloon ascension, the big attraction of the fair. The immense air-ship was inflated, and, like some chained wild beast, was pulling and surging to be set at liberty. The man with the iron nerve stood ready in his spangles to make the ascent; the manager made a short address to the assembled multitude relative to the performance of the young aeronaut upon the trapeze-bar attached to the balloon, and just as he was concluding a shout was sent up from the crowd that the balloon was on fire.

Accustomed to such expressions from spectators upon similar occasions, the manager treated the voice of the multitude as a joke, and the monster air-ship was freed from its moorings, and shot upward with the velocity of a rocket, Professor Atchison, the man with the iron nerve, clinging to the trapeze and waving his cap to the multitude of spectators below. When the balloon had gained an altitude of about three hundred yards, the aeronaut threw his feet over the bar preparatory to his trapeze performances.

Hanging by his feet, and with his head downward, for the first time during the ascent he discovered to his horror that the balloon was on fire. Knowing that his doom was sealed, and mindful when too late of the warning of the multitude, he gained an upright position upon the bar as soon as possible, and, clutching the rope with his hands, he sought by swinging to and fro to divert the course of the balloon in its descent so as to land in a tree-top, but the fire had made too much headway, and the balloon collapsed in an instant and shot downward to the earth with fearful velocity, striking the ground with terrible force, the rapidity of its fall lessened an iota, perhaps, by some projecting twigs from a neighboring tree-top.

The immense crowd was, of course, paralyzed and stricken dumb with horror; but a few of the more self-possessed, after a moment's delay, rushed to the spot where lay the wreck of the balloon and the remains of the aeronaut, who, though a mass of broken bones and bruised and blessing flesh, was not dead. He was at once removed to a place where he could be made as comfortable as possible, and everything that surgical skill and human aid could suggest was done to afford him some relief.

Though crushed almost to pieces, and undergoing intense suffering, he revived so far as to be able to converse with those around him. Under the influence of the kindest and most careful treatment, he has improved slowly, and it is now thought that there are some chances for his recovery.

THE BURNING BALLOON.—THE TERRIBLE DESCENT OF THE AERONAUT S. D. ATCHISON, AT THE FAIR-GROUNDS OF M'LEAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG,

NEWLY ELECTED RULER OF BULGARIA.

ON the 29th of April the Bulgarian Assembly, composed of two hundred and fifty deputies, with twenty Mohammedans amongst them, elected their new ruler at Tirnova. Three princes had been prominently brought forward as candidates for the throne of Bulgaria.—Prince Waldemar of Denmark, Prince Reuss, and Prince Alexander of Battenberg. The election of the first, although supported by England, was opposed by some of the great Continental powers; the second, a man of capacity, was considered as too advanced in years. The president, Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, therefore declared for Prince Battenberg.

Prince Battenberg is the second son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, brother of the Empress of Russia, and was born on April 5th, 1857. His mother is the daughter of the late Count von Hauke, former Minister of War in Poland, and was created Countess of Battenberg on the occasion of her morganatic union with Prince Alexander in 1851.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg received his professional education at the Military Academy of Saxony, and entered the Hessian service as Sub-lieutenant of Dragoons in 1875. He served as volunteer with the Russian army during the late war—first in the ranks of the Eighth Regiment of Uhlans, whose honorary colonel his father is; afterward as orderly officer in the staff of Prince Charles of Roumania during the siege of Plevna. He crossed the Balkans with General Gourko, and on all occasions showed himself a dashing, fearless and talented cavalry officer. Soon after his return to Germany from the Russian-Turkish War he was transferred from the Hessian Regiment of Dragoons to the Prussian Life Guards, and has ever since done garrison duty in Potsdam.

The following piece of information has recently been given with regard to Prince Alexander of Hesse and the Countess von Haüke, parents of the new Prince of Bulgaria: "It was when on a visit to his sister, the Empress of Russia, that Prince Alexander first saw and fell in love with his future wife, who was a lady-in-waiting to her Imperial Majesty. When the Prince's infatuation for Mademoiselle de Haüke was discovered, there was a stiff family tiff; and when the lover carried off the lady and married her, there was an autocratic explosion, the disobedient couple being for many years forbidden to enter the Czar's dominions. However, the Empress took her brother's part, and, indeed, made over to him her beautiful country seat Jugenheim, near Darmstadt, with the reservation of being able to go there whenever she pleased."

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

(Continued from page 325.)

THUS admonished, Mary Frank explained their position to Jacobo Pineyro, and he listened attentively.

"Enter my house and refresh yourself before proceeding," he said, when she had finished. "The two ladies who have been the innocent cause of depriving you of your vehicle are my guests, and I shall be happy to present them to you. They have fled from that city. General Ampudia has placed the city under martial law, and you may not be permitted to enter it."

"Then we had better accept this gentleman's kind offer," said Mary Frank, speaking in English to Eaton. "We are without the city defenses here, and when General Taylor's army advances we can enter his camp and make our errand known."

"A very good idea. But be cautious, Mary Frank. Keep up the fiction of our being English travelers; we might be subjected to some indignity."

"Oh! I can keep a secret, although I am a woman!" answered Mary Frank, laughingly.

With this they followed Jacobo Pineyro into the house, and were presented to Donna Eusebia and Feliciana.

The two girls were at once attracted toward each other, being so nearly of the same age.

Donna Eusebia urged Eaton and Mary Frank to abandon their intention of entering Monterey.

The good lady indulged in some very complimentary remarks about Colonel Falcon.

"Is he good-looking?" inquired Mary Frank.

"Very," responded Donna Eusebia. "Have you not seen him?" she added, surprisedly.

"No—that is to say, we have not been presented to him," replied Mary Frank. "I suppose we shall be, though, presently."

"Oh! of course. Ah! you will find him a perfect gentleman. I think he is the handsomest man I ever saw!" exclaimed Donna Eusebia, enthusiastically. "Don't you, Feliciana?"

Feliciana blushed, and then answered:

"No, aunt; I think the other one—the dark one—was the best-looking."

"Ah! that's because he was the youngest. Now the light-haired colonel was more to my taste."

"The young one saved my life. I shall ever feel grateful for that!" returned Feliciana, fervently.

"Ah, yes, but what would have saved Señor Bellerino if the colonel had not been his friend?"

"I really must have an introduction to this Colonel Falcon!" cried Mary Frank. "I'm fond of good-looking men."

Donna Eusebia, though she could not understand their words, could see that something was amiss by the expression of their faces.

"Perhaps you have met this Colonel Falcon somewhere?" she inquired.

"Frankly we think we have," replied Mary Frank, "and if he is the person we think he is, we are most anxious to meet him again. Could we not send and request him to join us here?"

"Certainly," answered Jacobo Pineyro, to whom the question was addressed. "I will step to the door and send the message by one of my servants."

The message was sent, and Pineyro resumed his place at the table.

Mary Frank again addressed herself to Donna Eusebia, saying:

"You say that this Colonel Falcon is a North American and that his name is——"

"Bellerino," supplied Donna Eusebia, as she hesitated.

"Was it not Bellingham he told you?"

"Yes; aunt never gets the name right," answered Feliciana.

"Now you've got it," said Eaton.

"Oh, gracious!" murmured Mary Frank. "But here he comes."

She heard the rattling of a sabre-scabbard and the jingling of spurs, mingled with the sounds of approaching footsteps; but she was disappointed, for it was Captain Estevan, and not Colonel Falcon, who entered the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TURNED BACK.

WHEN Estevan hastened to meet Colonel Falcon he found him in a small grove of trees, immersed in a gloomy reverie.

Zelia raised her head at the sound of Estevan's approach, surveying him with an angry glance.

"Why did you bring those people here?" she demanded, harshly.

The countenance of the young Mexican flushed.

"I did not carry it a step offside," he replied, deprecatingly. "I have done so unwittingly."

His grieved look mollified her.

"I know it, Estevan, I know it," she answered. "Forgive me if I have spoken harshly to you; but the sight of those people has sadly ruffled my temper."

"You know them, then?" he questioned, curiously.

She reflected for a moment, as if debating how far it would be advisable to trust him.

"Yes, I know them," she replied, slowly. "I know them, and I would not have them recognize me in this dress for the world."

Zelia thought she might satisfy Mary Frank with some excuse for her masquerade, but she knew that Richard Eaton would question her motive closely; and she feared him, knowing that he was the custodian of the dread secret of her life.

"The girl is a relative of yours?" continued Estevan, with respectful, though eager, curiosity.

Zelia bit her lip vexedly.

She must have him in some measure into her confidence to induce him to aid her in the scheme she had conceived to prevent Richard Eaton and Mary Frank from joining Roy; for she knew that must be the object of their journey, though she was at a loss to understand why they should have come in the direction they had.

"Yes—yes," she answered.

"Your sister?"

"No."

Estavan looked bewildered.

"She cannot be your daughter?" he ventured.

Zelia could but smile, despite her annoyance, at the perplexed look upon upon his face.

"Oh, no!" she answered. "She is my cousin."

This cunning woman would not reveal her age even to this trusty officer, and so she gave Mary Frank a relationship that did not involve any question of age.

Estevan accepted the falsehood undoubtingly.

"She is wonderfully like you," he said.

"Only more beautiful?"

"I did not say that," he returned, gallantly.

Zelia's brow contracted, for she saw that he had thought so, though he would not admit it. Not that she cared what he thought, however, for another idea had been suggested to her mind.

"She has the advantage of youth upon her side," she told herself, "and if Roy should see her!" She set her teeth firmly together, and the frown upon her brow deepened. "He shall not see her. They shall go back the way they came—and speedily, before General Taylor's army arrives at Monterey."

Estevan maintained a respectful silence whilst these thoughts were passing through her mind.

Zelia always followed up any plan that she had once decided upon with energy, as we know.

She again addressed herself to Estevan.

"These persons cannot enter Monterey," she said. "It would be to endanger their lives to permit them to do so. They represent themselves as English, when they are American—North Americans, like the invaders who are now the execration of the land."

"You're right there, colonel," responded Estevan, with conviction. "But why should they come here?"

"In search of me, doubtless; but they must not know me in this character. That knowledge would disgrace me in my own land, for the gentleman has strict ideas of what a woman's province should be."

"There is no disgrace in proving that you are as brave as any man that ever wore a uniform!" exclaimed Estevan, warmly.

She smiled at his enthusiasm.

"Not in your eyes, I know, Estevan," she answered; "but the North Americans are more cold-blooded than the children of this sunny land. It does not suit my purpose that they should know me. They must go with Donna Eusebia and her niece on their journey to the City of Mexico. They must be told that Ampudia has been apprised of their coming, and that their lives are in danger. Work upon the fears of Richard Eaton—the gentleman, I mean, Estevan—and urge him to depart. You shall escort them with your party until they are beyond the mountain range."

"I will do your bidding, colonel; but I should have been pleased to have had a longer acquaintance with your charming cousin."

"Execute my wishes, then. I shall ride to the city and see how near the enemy have advanced."

Zelia turned her horse into the road, and Estevan rode back to the house.

He dismounted and entered, appearing before the group at the table in the manner I have described.

"Where is Colonel Falcon?" cried Mary Frank.

"He has just ridden toward the city," replied Estevan, with a fresh interest in the fair girl.

"Doesn't he intend to see us?" questioned Mary.

"Duty will not permit."

Richard Eaton's lips curled scornfully.

"Oh! duty!" he exclaimed. "I hope your colonel is not afraid to see us!"

"Why should he be?" he returned, guardedly.

"He appears very loath to speak to us," replied Richard Eaton, dryly.

"Never mind," cried Mary Frank; "we can see him when we get into the city."

"I am very sorry to be obliged to inform you, señorita, that you cannot enter the city," said Estevan.

"Why not?" demanded Mary Frank, surprisedly.

And Estevan, remembering the instructions of Zelia, replied:

"The general commanding there will not permit any stragglers to enter the city."

"You mean that Colonel Falcon will not."

"He receives his orders from General Ampudia."

Estevan looked embarrassed.

The task that Zelia had set him to do was not to be accomplished so easily as he had expected.

"The fact is, captain, that your Colonel Falcon knows who we are," continued Richard Eaton.

"Yes, señor; and he advises you to go with Donna Eusebia and her niece on their journey to Mexico," answered Estevan, with friendly intention. "He does not think it safe for you to enter the city. You may be arrested as spies. Such a step would endanger your lives. The country is very much exasperated."

Richard Eaton could but feel that there was much truth in these words.

"But why don't she see us?" he cried, with annoyance. "Why does she avoid us?"

Estevan pretended not to understand.

"She! Who?" he resorted.

"Colonel Falcon! Don't you suppose that we know your Colonel Falcon is a woman?"

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Estevan, in pretended surprise.

"Don't you know it?" rejoined Estevan.

Estevan was silent.

"He may not know it," said Mary Frank. "She may have preserved the secret of her sex. Zelia is very shrewd and courageous."

"Shrewd! She's the—ahem!—never mind. I know what the matter is," cried Richard Eaton, irately. "I think we may as well turn back and go to the City of Mexico, as our friend the captain here advises."

"What, and abandon our search for Roy?" questioned Mary Frank, by no means pleased with his proposal. "Oh, I couldn't do that!"

"There's no help for it. I told you we would find her here, and you see that I was right," rejoined Richard Eaton, and he looked very grave. "And now I tell you if we don't go willingly, she'll make us. is not that so, captain?"

Thus appealed to, Estevan could not avoid speaking his mind.

"Yes, señor, you are right," he replied. "Pardon me if I do not speak plainer. You know Colonel Falcon; he is my superior officer, and I am not at liberty to disclose any secret concerning him. He has told me that this young lady is a relative of his, and that her safety will be endangered by remaining so near the seat of war. He has ordered me to see that you depart with Donna Eusebia and her niece."

"There! what did I tell you?" said Richard Eaton to Mary Frank.

She was very much bewildered.

"But I don't understand this at all!" she exclaimed.

Richard Eaton smiled, but by no means in a wrathful manner.

"I think I do!" he rejoined.

CHAPTER XXX.

A FIERCE SKIRMISH.

WHEN the coach containing Richard Eaton, Mary Frank, Milly Meade, Donna Eusebia and Feliciana, and escorted by Captain Estevan and his troop of rancheros, rolled through the gorge of the mountain on its way to Saltillo, the army of General Taylor reached Walnut Springs on the other side of the city.

Roy Bellingham, who was in advance, with a troop of the rangers, reined in his steed to survey the lovely prospect before him.

It was grandly picturesque.

But this tranquil slumber was soon to be broken by the rude blasts of war.

As Roy surveyed the scene, he heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind him. He turned his head and saw Captain Walker, Tom Meade, and the remainder of the rangers.

"Hollos! Roy! What are you doing here!—taking a look at the country, eh?" cried Walker, as he joined him.

"Yes; admiring the prospect. Is it not beautiful?"

"Oh, yes, nice enough," he replied. "Too good for these greasers—Uncle Sam ought to annex Mexico as he did Texas, and I hope he will. We'd make something out of this country if we had it."

"You bet we would!" added Tom Meade. "This land wants some Yankee enterprise."

"Well, we'll yank this city away from them, Tom!" cried Walker, laughing over his own joke, as men are apt to do. "Now, let's get on and see what kind of a reception they have prepared for us."

"Has the general ordered a scout?" inquired Roy.

"Yes. Come, we'll take a nearer look at Monterey. Forward!"

They rode on until the city appeared plainly in view, and then they observed a squadron of lancers approaching them.

"By Heavens! there's Zelia again!" cried Roy.

"The she colonel?"

"Yes; it is she at the head of the lancers. Let's charge them and capture her!"

"All right! Let them come a little nearer, and then we will give them Jessie!"

But when Captain Walker was about to give the order to charge, the lancers suddenly wheeled about and retreated back to the city.

"Pursue them!" cried Roy, excitedly.

"Hold up!" exclaimed Walker. "There's some trick here. Ah! I thought so."

The guns of the citadel suddenly opened upon them with two-pound shot, but the rangers were beyond their reach. Had they been within range a fearful execution would have been done in their ranks.

The Captain Walker had foreseen, and so he restrained Roy's impetuosity, and thereby baffled the efforts of the enemy.

"That was a nice little trap, wasn't it?" he said "But they didn't catch us that time."

"They have welcomed us warmly," remarked Tom, dryly. "Shall we go any nearer?"

"I think not; we are near enough now to be pleasant," answered Walker. "I have no idea of being bowled over at long range like a ten-pin. Let's ride along and see what the other preparations are."

They proceeded on their course, being saluted with a discharge from each of the batteries as they passed them; but the keen eye of Roy had measured the distance, and they kept out of range.

Near Fort Teneria they surprised a scouting-party of the enemy some two hundred strong, capturing thirty of their number. Thinking that some valuable information might be gained from these prisoners Captain Walker returned to the camp.

Arranging the plan of attack in accordance with these views, General Taylor made preparations to gain the Saltillo road, intrusting the command of the expedition to General Worth.

Captain Walker's rangers went with Worth's division.

Thus, whilst the coach containing Mary Frank and her party were descending one slope of the mountain, Roy, with the advance party of rangers, was ascending the other.

While Roy was making a reconnoissance he fell in with the enemy, who opened upon him.

As he had only twenty-five of the rangers with him, he ordered a retreat, and rejoined the main army without losing a man.

Night put an end to further operations, and the troops slept on their arms.

Early the next morning the march was resumed, the rangers in advance of the division.

After proceeding about two miles they reached a turn which brought them in full view of the enemy, drawn up for action.

Walker ordered his company to deploy to the right and dismount.

"We shall have a bit of a skirmish here, I think," he told Roy.

"A good big bit," replied Roy, laughing. "There's Zelia's regiment over to the right."

"That woman will get killed yet," said Walker.

"You bet she will!" cried Tom Meade. "She has no business philandering round here in regimentals.

The enemy advanced within musketry range and delivered their fire, in which they were joined by the battery on the Independence Hill.

The rangers answered them with a rapid fire, but were obliged to fall back to avoid the shells from the battery, and were separated from the rest of the army.

Whilst thus unsupported, Colonel Falcon's regiment charged them.

The rangers received them with a leaden rain from their rifles, carbines and pistols.

The crash of the charge was great, however, and at the shock the line of rangers moved to and fro.

The encounter was now hand-to-hand, the rangers using their revolvers, swords and knives against the lances of the foe.

Duncan's battery and the two companies of the infantry now came to the rangers' assistance.

A deadly discharge of grape tore amongst the rancheros, carrying confusion amongst their ranks.

Roy saw Zelia suddenly fall, horse and rider sinking to the ground.

Then the rancheros fell back in a wild flight, pursued by the fire from the battery and the muskets of the infantry.

"She's got her gruel!" exclaimed Tom, as he saw Zelia fall.

"Yes; it looks as if her wild career was over," answered Roy; "but let us find her; she may be only wounded."

Amid the scene of carnage lay stretched out some of the bravest men of Zelia's regiment.

Many a broken lance lay here and there, while their dead horses were scattered on the road and hill-side, beautifully caparisoned, the saddle ornamented with silver mountings, contrasting in a ghastly manner with the dead faces of their late owners.

Though Roy turned every face to the light, he did not find Hartnett, Graghty, or Estevan. Nor could he find Zelia. Her horse was there—killed by a grape-shot, but no signs of her.

"They must have borne her wounded from the field," he said.

"It looks like it," answered Tom Meade.

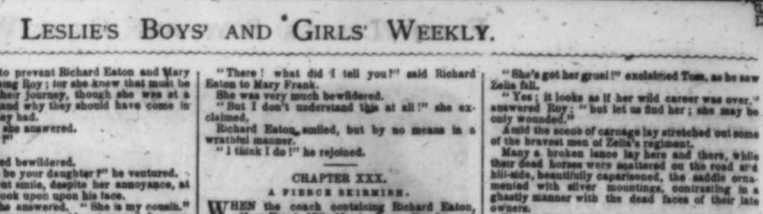
(To be continued.)

"Roy the Ranger" was commenced in No. 301.

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

REPORTING VOWEL WORD-SIGNS.

THIS lesson completes the lists of word-signs. Learn these in same manner as directed in last few lessons. The position and shape of some of these signs tally exactly with the we, wa, wah, and ye, ya, yah vowel scales, as in we, with, were, what, ye, yet, beyond; and the dash signs agree with the positions of the dash vowel sounds, but differently inclined for convenience and distinction, as in all, of, to, already, or, owe, etc.

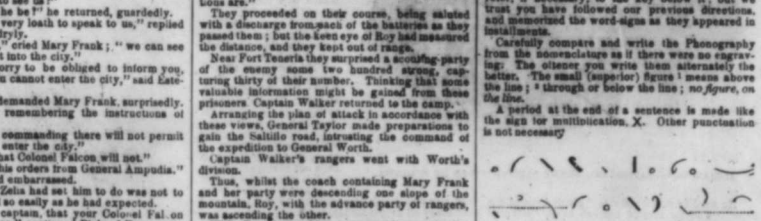


Now take a page of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY and draw a circle with your lead-pencil around each word you come to that is written with a word-sign, and write the signs as you go. When through, write the words beneath, and compare with the paper. Then, with your knowledge of the signs, as published in the last four or five lessons, make up easy and complete sentences, first in long-hand, then in short-hand.

The following exercise is made up wholly of some of the word-signs which have been published in the last five lessons. In reading the Phonography refer, if necessary, to the key below it; but we trust you have followed our previous directions, and memorized the word-signs as they appeared in these columns.

Carefully compare and write the Phonography from the nomenclature as if there were no engraving. The oftener you write them alternately the better. The small (superior) figure 1 means above the line; 2 through or below the line; *no figure*, on *the line*.

A period at the end of a sentence is made like the sign for multiplication, X. Other punctuation is not necessary



NOMENCLATURE.

1. Yuh (like the last syllable in warrior), Lay, Bee, Sel, Petty (that is a little Pet or half Pee), Dee, Ise, Wel (Weh-Lay), Ise, Esther.
2. Betty[1] (a little Bet or half Bee), Wuh[1] (like last syllable in Ottumwa), Ar[1], Lay, Yuh, Bee, Thar, Petty, Es, Em[1].
3. Yuh, Petty[1] (a little Jet or half Jay), Petty, Emp, Yay, Jays, Kret[1], Yay, Prets.
4. Pet, a, Wel[1], Betty[1], Thees, Lay, Kay, Thet, En[1], Kel.
5. Gen, I, Mer[1], Lois, Gay[1], Ar[1], Esther[1], Ker, Petty, Tee.
6. Betty[1], Thet[1], Ise, Ben, Den, Em, Bee, Den, Bee[1], En[1].

TRANSLATION.

You will be able to do as well as another.
About what hour will you be there to see me?
You ought to improve your advantages according to your opportunities.
After a while all this will come without any difficulty.
Again I remark, let us give our entire care to it.
All that has been done may be done by us.

(To be continued.)

As when we are in prosperity we are ready to think our mountain will never be brought low, so when we are in adversity we are ready to think our valley will never be filled up.

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ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 657.

1. Edi(b)les, Ma(l)se; Ma(r)sh, Co(l)on, Lo(n)e. 2. Whole-some. 3. Vague, Agues. 4. Paper, Above, Poles, Event, Rests. 5. Satrap, Arrive, Trader, Riders, Averse, Perses. 6. Stitch, Thread, Needle—SaTIN, THE, IRE, TED, CAL, HeDgE. 7. One word, Inasmuch. 8. Pans-ant. 9. T, Cat, Cubit, Tabular, Tiler, Tar, R. 10. Mose-rose.

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ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A CONSONANT; a fastener; an Assyrian god or hero; a Saracen chief; more uncouth; a title of address; a consonant.

2.—CHARADE.

My first means hurt, you understand;
A preposition second;
I and you come next in hand;
A thousand last I've reckoned.
An instrument, my whole will be,
That's used for music, don't you see?

3.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

A Scottish term for boys just find;
Beneath what in the earth is mined;
A fragrance next will suit our need;
A cloak this with fur is stylish indeed.
Primals, centrals, finals, all are mined;
Two are metals, you see, unless you are blind.

4.—CENTRAL DELETIONS.

Delete a weapon soldiers used of yore,
And find something on a vessel that comes to our shore;
Delete what some ladies apply to their face,
And find what you do after running a race;
Delete what means to cut a part,
And birth a prophet who will start;
Delete what each composed will allow,
And find a vegetable that you know.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

An equal; before; a tippler; belief; flocks.

6.—CHARADE.

Two first were playing cards one day,
And one turned up a second and won;
The loser muttered whole as he went away
That he'd be even yet before he was done.

7.—CHARADE.

When hotly pressed, the hunted stag
To first is often brought.
You'll find my second will appear
In work, and word and thought.

Without my third the fisherman
His calling could not ply;
And with my whole our soldiers charge,
And thousands fall and die.

8.—CHARADE.

As in the forest careless I did stroll,
From out my first my second brute sprang,
Intrusion on his realms he did my whole,
In growls, which through the thickest jungle rang.

9.—SQUARE WORDS.

To get free; a metal; cleanses; begone; a flag; formerly and negation.

10.—CHARADE.

Humble and docile is my first,
It ne'er excites a fear;
And that my second is the same
I think is very clear.
My third is always clearly seen
In lovely bright Spring flowers,
In rainbow hues that gild the sky,
And soft refreshing showers.
But when these three component parts
United are in one,
An object then of dread I am,
That all desire to shun.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

LOVE REWARDED.—A contemporary has this tragedy of Ts: The thunder threatened, the tempest tossed the trees, throwing their trembling trunks in topsy-turvey. Tripping toward the town, Theresa thought, "To-night Theodore treads the tiresome thoroughfares, thinking things that——" Thud! The terrified truant turned to trace the threatening turmoil. There toward the toll-gate tramped Theodore trying to throttle two thieves. "Take to the timber, Theresa!" thundered Theodore. "Tell that to timid things," thought Theresa, treading tiger-like toward the trio. Then, telling Theodore to throw the taller thief, Theresa, taking t'other's togs, tied through the thickness the thief's throat. Thus terminated the terrible troubles that threatened the twain. They turned triumphantly to town to tell the tale. To-morrow ties them together.

AMERICAN COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

Boys, to Faculty.—"Look here! we want shorter five o'clock prayers in the morning."

"*Faculty.*—"Very well, boys; we'll nip the prayers off at both ends. Only don't go to the Harvard shop across the way to buy your educations."

Boys.—"And we want whisky in our tea."

Faculty.—"Now, boys, that isn't scarcely right, you know. Wine is a mock——"

Boys.—"Whisky in our tea, and a pint apiece every morning after prayers, or we patronize McCosh's shop."

Faculty.—"Very well, boys. Please take your boots off the centre-table, won't you?"

Boys.—"And the Professor of Theology must black our boots and cut the meat up for our bull-pups?"

Faculty.—"Now, boys, that's too bad. No college does such a thing—at least for the money. Gentlemen, please put your dogs out of the parlor, won't you?"

Boys.—"Professor Dog-tar must black our boots and cut the pups' meat up, or we go over to the New Haven shop."

Faculty.—"We'll try and suit you, boys."

Boys.—"And Mrs. Professor Hexameter must tuck us in after we go to bed, and bring us our soda and brandies in the morning."

Professor Hexameter.—"Mrs. Hex. shall do no such thing."

Boys.—"All right; we move over to the Free-and-Easy Theological Institute to-morrow.

KIND INQUIRIES!—Cousin Kate, a pretty girl of about seventeen, recently went down into Sussex to see some relatives of hers. Among them there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the lawn, where she was enjoying the air in company with two or three of her friends. The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out, "How's your mother?" "Quite well, thank you." Another silence on the part of Tom, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the spell by "How's your father?" which was answered much in the same manner as the first query; and then followed another silence like the other. "How are your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover. "Quite well, both of them." This was followed by a change of glances and a suppressed smile. This lasted some ten minutes, during which Tom was fidgeting about, stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came, "How are your parents?" This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

A DOZEN QUESTIONS.

1. If an immovable body be struck by an irresistible force, what will be the result?
2. What is a ferse?
3. In what novel, by what author, does the dog "Sir Isaac" occur?
4. What is the Insmeecion?
5. Reading makes a man full; con'ference makes a man ready. What does writing make a man?
6. What other British poet than Thomson wrote, and is chiefly celebrated for his "Seasons"?
7. In the word prospection, meaning an actor, the accent is on the second syllable. What does the word mean when the accent is on the third syllable?
8. In what work does the story of "The Curious Impertinent" occur?
9. What dialect are these lines written in?

"What alle this heart o' mine?
What meanethie watery e'e?
What gars the aye turn pale as death
When I talk' leave of thee?
When thou art far awa'
Thou'll dearer be to me;
But change of place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee."

10. What language are these words from? "Noowantammoockaunoonash," meaning "our loves," and "Kummogkodonattoottammoostitseongannunoonash," meaning "our question."
11. What is kidney?
12. What English poet's father was notably a butcher?

PROF.—"What kinds of mining are carried on in the State of New York?" *Student.*—Well, gold, silver, and—and—kaleomining."

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A FLYING MONSTER.

MISS BIGLY'S THRILLING ADVENTURE IN FLORIDA.

St. Augustine, Florida, May 20th, 1875.

Editor of Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly:

"I ARRIVED in this quaint old Spanish town a few weeks since in quest of quiet lodgings, which I desire for my own personal uses during the coming season. There is but little life stirring within the crumbling walls of this old-time citadel; indeed, its architecture, its inhabitants and its customs properly belong to the seventeenth century, and it is difficult for one who has but recently emerged from amidst the stirring events constantly occurring in our Northern cities to consider that he is still, in the nineteenth century, within the borders of progressive America.

"The population of this town is considerably mixed, descending principally, however, from the old Spanish races that settled in this place some centuries ago. They still adhere to the ancient customs in both manners and dress, and their lives are passed away in a sort of dreamy indolence. The old monastery remains intact as in days of yore, save the inevitable wear and tear of time; the old postern-gate creaks as it swings back upon its rusty hinges to admit the worshiping populace, and the cowled monks minister spiritual consolation to the supplicant now as was done in the days of their forefathers.

"But to my intents. My purpose in writing at this time is to furnish you with the details (in brief) of a very romantic, yet thrilling, incident, occurring recently to a young lady from the North, Miss Martha Bigly, who had been sojourning for a few days at Ponce de Leon, some eighteen miles south of this place. The hectic flush, forerunner of that dread disease, consumption, had supplanted the roseate hue of health upon her fair cheeks, and she had sought this balmy, sun-girdled clime in the hope of regaining that priceless boon—good health.

"One bright sunny afternoon, while engaged in strolling along the pebbled beach, picking up fantastically-carved shells that had been washed up from the great mysterious laboratory of the sea, and listening to the waves rolling quietly upon the shore, producing sweet cadences of contentment and peace, she espied what at first appeared to her to be a beautifully-colored shell floating upon the surface of the sea. Being protected at the feet by a pair of rubber boots, she boldly advanced into the surf and reached out her sun-umbrella to aid her in securing the coveted prize, when, to her utter horror, this seeming inert object suddenly became a thing of life; its shell-like appearance changed in an instant to that of a monster; long, slimy claws were thrown around about a pulpy, sack-like body, and with a bound it ascended into the air and hovered over the head of its intended victim.

"Being momentarily stunned by the sudden transformation, and horrified by the revolting aspect of this hideous object, she did but parry its onslaughts with her umbrella, and that unconsciously, retreating to a rock where she stood at bay until the baffled monster returned to the sea and disappeared. So unexpected was the attack, and so revolting the sight of the fish to one of her delicate frame and extreme nervous sensibilities, that it was some days afterward before she regained her wonted composure.

"The fish that caused this consternation is known among scientists as the argonauta, a species of devil-fish indigenous to the waters of the tropics, and 'tis of rare occurrence that it strays away from that latitude, at least so far North as off the coast of Florida. The power of propulsion through the air is a rare one with the argonauta, but it undoubtedly exists in some species. I send you a sketch of the thrilling incident.—Yours,

"INVALID."

A FLYING MONSTER.—THE PERIL OF MISS MARTHA BIGLY. ATTACKED BY A GIGANTIC SPECIMEN OF THE ARGONAUTA, OR WINGED DEVIL-FISH, ON THE FLORIDA COAST, NEAR ST. AUGUSTINE.

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